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THE HEREAFTER.

BY M. LOWELL ELLIOTT.

Will no one come to meet me,
When I stand on the farther shore?
Will no sweet voices greet me
That I knew and loved before?

I've seen in a long procession,
Down through the valley wide,
The friends of youth and childhood
Into the darkness glide.

They did not weep or tremble,
They did not turn or stay,
But through the deepening shadows,
Swiftly they held their way.

Never the veil is lifted,
Never their answers come;
The earth below is silent,
The heavens above are dumb.

Yet here, when I came a stranger,
Helpless and weak, and blind,
On warm, true hearts I rested,
Folded in arms that are kind.

And the spirit of mercy reigneth
There, as it reigneth here,
For the pulse of love immortal
Throbs to the farthest sphere.

Then why should I doubt and wonder;
At rest on the distant shore,
I shall see again the faces
That I loved and lost before.

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED)

SOON after luncheon, Bertha, who was in the garden, heard the sound of horses' hoofs; it ceased at the gate, and Sarah was summoned to admit the Honorable Mr. Fancourt. The groom led away his horse, and, seeing Bertha, Fancourt advanced towards her. She received him with a distant bow, keeping her garden basket in her hand. She always avoided shaking hands with him when possible.

"Mrs. and Miss Dalton are within, I understand?" he said, thinking to himself that when he had married Lena he would make her sister pay for her cold and haughty manner.

"Yes, they are at home. You will find them in the drawing-room, I think," Bertha answered; and then she turned and continued her occupation of tying up some carnations, plainly intimating that she wished for no conversation with him.

Fancourt bit his lip, and went up the walk towards the house, switching at the flowers with his riding whip as he went along, to Bertha's great annoyance. Nor was he yet to reach the presence of his lady love without encountering an enemy.

Pinch seemed impressed with the idea that he was fulfilling his whole duty of a good dog by lying upon the steps leading to the front door, blinking in the sun, with one ear cocked up to listen for intruders. Pinch had taken a great aversion to the Honorable Mr. Fancourt; and now, as soon as he saw him, he sprang up snarling and showing his teeth. Sarah stood with the open door in her hand, ready to admit the visitor.

"Be quiet, Pinch," she said—"lie down, sir!"

But Pinch found it necessary to give vent to his feelings by making an imaginary onslaught on the Honorable Mr. Fancourt's boots as he went up the steps.

"I wonder your mistress can keep such a brute," said that gentleman to Sarah, as he entered the passage.

"We don't consider him a snappish dog in the general way, sir," returned Sarah, who rather sympathized with Pinch's feelings, not liking gentlefolk who treated servants "as if they were dirt," as she confided to Martha.

"The Honorable Mr. Fancourt," she announced, throwing open the drawing-room door before he had time to reply.

Mrs. Dalton's reception was cordial. She met him with outstretched hand.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "It is quite an unexpected pleasure. I thought you had gone off to the moors probably, and forgotten all about your friends here."

"There are some not easy to forget," Fancourt responded, with a glance at Lena.

Lena was languid, and rather cool. As she had told her mother, she knew perfectly well what she was about, and how to regulate the thermometer of her manner.

Fancourt took a seat near Mrs. Dalton, and opposite to Lena. The conversation turned on ordinary topics—the close of the exhibitions and the opera, the different places of autumn resort; and Mrs. Dalton's plans for the ensuing months were inquired into.

"We shall be Lord Alphington's neighbors for a time," said Mrs. Dalton. "In the course of September we are going to spend a month at the Larches with our old friends, Sir Stephen and Lady Lady Langley."

"Oh—ah—exactly," Fancourt stammered, as his countenance fell. "Rather slow down there, isn't it? Can't you manage to go to Scarborough, or Trouville; or somewhere where there's something going on? There's deuced good fun at some of those French watering places, I've heard. I thought of taking a run over; but I shan't care for going unless you are going too—'pon my honor, I shan't."

"You are complimentary," said Mrs. Dalton, smiling benignly. "But an old woman mustn't take such fine speeches to herself when there is a young one in the way."

"Ah, well—no, it isn't likely," allowed Fancourt, his bold eyes fixed upon Lena, who could scarcely conceal her disgust.

"And you men of the world are such deceivers," Mrs. Dalton resumed, playfully. "There's no knowing when you mean what you say."

"It isn't so in this quarter, by Jove!" Fancourt exclaimed. "You don't think so—now do you, Miss Dalton?"

"How should I know?" Lena parried. "I dare say you're all much alike."

"You shouldn't say that—'pon my honor, you shouldn't," said Fancourt, beginning to feel as he always did under the immediate influence of Lena's beauty, that he could not wait longer without securing her for his own.

Conversation flagged, as it usually did when Fancourt was present—he himself would have declared that he never had anything to say to women. Mrs. Dalton thought that he had sat staring at Lena quite long enough.

"By the way," she said, as if a sudden thought had struck her, "if Mr. Fancourt will excuse me, I will take advantage of the fine afternoon to look in on Mrs. Barton. Talking of old age reminded me of her."

"Shall I go with you, mamma?" Lena asked, feeling as if she dreaded what she had just before been plotting to obtain.

"Oh, no, my love, thanks. Mrs Barton's so very deaf that it's really of no use for more than one to go at a time," said Mrs. Dalton. "By-by," she added, playfully kissing the tips of her fingers to Fancourt. "Stay and take care of Lena till I come back."

Mrs. Dalton left the room as she spoke, and Fancourt found himself for the first time alone with the object of his passion. He had scarcely arranged for making any definite proposal immediately, though he had at that moment a gift in his pocket which he intended to present by way of assuring himself how the land lay.

At first he had hoped to persuade Lena to agree to a secret engagement, if not to a secret marriage; but he soon found he must give up any such idea. There was a certain dignity about her that kept him in check, just as Lena intended it should. Nor could he flatter himself that he had excited any such feeling in her breast as would induce her to make any sacrifice for his sake. He perceived, as plainly as if Lena had put it into words, that, if he desired to win her, it must be openly—that she would concescend to nothing less than an acknowledged position. This conviction, forced upon him, had cost him many anxious days and sleepless nights; but now, as he found himself alone with her, as he sat opposite to her gazing at her beauty, he was carried away by his passion. Of self restraint he knew nothing, he told himself that he would not, could not bear to leave his fate longer undecided—that he would dare all rather than run the risk of losing her; and if any came between them, let them beware!

He moved his seat close to Lena's; her heart began to turn sick within her, but she made no sign—she merely remarked on the beauty of the day. Fancourt drew a morocco case from his pocket, and, edging his chair nearer till it touched hers, he opened the case and laid the contents before her.

"Oh, how beautiful!" Lena exclaimed, as she saw a splendid diamond and emerald bracelet displayed.

"Do you admire it?" Fancourt asked, fixing his bold eyes upon her, and bending till she felt his hot breath on her cheek. "It is for my future wife."

Lena shrunk back in spite of herself; but she made up her mind, and stifled her repugnance.

"Your future wife!" she exclaimed, with a pretty pretence of surprise. "Oh, Mr. Fancourt, how sly of you to keep such a secret all this time. Who is the lady, if I may ask?"

"Do you not know, Madelina?" inquired Fancourt, still keeping the same position.

"I? How should I possibly know!" she answered, with a bewitching air of coyness.

"It is you, Lena," said Fancourt, seizing one of her hands, and carrying it to his lips.

Lena trembled. There was yet time to draw back. The case with its glittering treasure lay on her knee; should she tell him to take it away—that she would none of it? Fancourt saw the hesitation; he felt the hand he held half withdrawn, but clasped it closely.

"Lena," he said, "I love you passionately, desperately! You must have known it. You may make of me what you will, but, by Heaven, I will never give you up!"

His face glowed, his voice became almost hoarse with concentrated passion; he felt at that moment capable of killing her, rather than she should ever belong to another.

"What would you have that I cannot give you?" he continued, speaking thick and fast. "Wealth! Everything you can desire shall be poured out at your feet! Rank? You shall queen it with the highest in the land—more beautiful than them all!"

Again he attempted to draw her towards him, and this time she did not resist, though still her heart sank within her. Until quite lately she had never thought of love in her visions of the future, never longed for it; why should she feel a pang of regret that she was shutting herself out from it for ever? It was only a fair exchange that this man wanted, a bargain—she giving her beauty, he riches and position. As he felt her yield, he looked at her exultingly, and then, throwing his arms round her, he kissed her passionately, almost fiercely, on her cheeks, her eyes, her lips. She, pale and cold as ice, yielded for a moment to his embrace, and then shudderingly strove to extricate herself. Her lips quivered; she covered her face with her hands.

"You are too rough, and too bold," she said.

"Then let me make atonement," he requested, as he stooped for the bracelet that had slipped from her knee. "Let me clasp this on that lovely arm; 'pon my honor, I had no intention to offend. You don't mean to say a fellow isn't to take a kiss from the girl he loves? And I do love you, Lena—by Jove, I do!" As he spoke he dropped on one knee, and, drawing down her hand, clasped the splendid bracelet round her arm. "Now I hold you mine," he cried, his eyes all aflame—"mine, whatever comes!"

Again Lena shivered as if a cold spirit breath had touched her. Was it a warning? If so, it passed unheeded.

"Yes," she responded faintly, her pulse seeming to stand still.

He would have clasped her again, but she sprang from her seat; she could bear no more. Her cheeks flushed scarlet.

"I wish you would go," she cried; "you have agitated me. I would rather be alone."

"Go," exclaimed Fancourt, "now that you have said the word! You're enough to drive a fellow distracted—'pon my honor, you are!"

"Oh, nonsense!" Lena rejoined, petulantly. "Why am I driving you distracted? I am not quite well—my head aches; don't you see that I am not well?"

"No, I see nothing but that you are the most beautiful of women; and you are mine!" said Fancourt, as if to assure himself of the fact.

"Yes," Lena admitted, once more, sinking into her seat again, and passing her hand across her brow; "and now go—you persecute me."

Fancourt's brow knitted; an evil look came into his eyes. He knew that this woman who had promised to be his did not love him; but he would have her nevertheless. No thought of giving her up crossed his mind.

"You speak strangely, fair Lena," he said, bitterly, resuming his seat by her side, and placing his arm around her waist. "It's a queer way to treat a fellow you've just accepted; by Jove it is!"

Lena's breast heaved; she could scarcely keep from hysterical crying.

"I really am not well," she said; "it will be different to-morrow."

"Do you then want me to leave you? Must I not see you till to-morrow?" asked Fancourt, somewhat appeased.

"It is a long banishment truly," replied Lena, forcing a smile.

"You are cruel," Fancourt rejoined. "I scarcely understand you, 'pon my honor, that is a fact."

"It is not difficult to understand that I want time to think," said Lena, more gently.

"To think of what?" Fancourt asked. "It is too late to think of drawing back, if that's what you want to think about. You have given your word; you needn't think I will not hold you to it."

"I have no wish to draw back," Lena returned, more firmly than she had yet spoken. "But, if you wish me not to repent, leave me now."

"Till to-morrow then," said Fancourt, kissing her again and again—caresses that Lena passively submitted to, not daring to repel him further.

"Yes, only till to-morrow," she agreed.

"Think of me then, beautiful Lena, as I shall think of you," said Fancourt as he rose from his seat. "Be kinder to me when we meet again."

With these words, which sounded almost like a threat, he went away, and Lena was left alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Fancourt was gone, Lena, hot tears springing to her eyes, her lips compressed, her fingers tightly interlaced, walked rapidly up and down the room, her breath coming in sob-like gasps. She had gained the object of her life; and what were her feelings at the moment? Something like feelings of despair.

It was only lately that such a wild and unprofitable idea as a marriage for love had entered her mind—entered it only to be crushed out. It was, after all, no wonder that she acted according to the creed in which she had been brought up. She knew that her father had missed chances of advancement, and that he might have been a richer man had he not nourished high ideas of purity and honor. From her earliest years she had heard her mother lament over his folly, and recount the various advantages they might have enjoyed if her father had been more sensible—more like other people—till she had learned to distrust her better impulses as likely to lead her astray—to interfere with the real business of life.

At this dark hour, which ought to have been the supremest hour of her life, her heart turned with a wild yearning towards St. Lawrence; but, if he had come to her and asked for her love, would she have given up all her prospects in life to be the wife of

a mere nobody, a struggling artist? She asked herself this, and inwardly answered, 'No—a thousand times no.' It was best as it had befallen—and at any rate it was of no avail now to think of what might have been. She hastily dashed the blinding tears from her eyes, and resolved from henceforth only to keep in view the future that lay before her as Countess of Alphington. In pursuance of this determination, as she continued to pace the room, she went over in her imagination a variety of scenes in which she would mingle, splendidly dressed, loaded with jewels, outshining all by her beauty and grace, admired, caressed, envied, till the color returned to her cheeks, the rapid step became more lingering, and at last, with something like a smile of triumph she prepared to meet Bertha, who came in from the garden.

Mrs. Dalton, when she went out, spoke to Bertha as she passed through the garden, and cautioned her against disturbing the *tete a tete;* and, much as Bertha disliked this manœuvre, she could not diametrically oppose herself to her mother's injunctions. Many things was she compelled to suffer in silence, much that was painful to her had she to endure; but it would have been of no use to raise dissensions without the power to alter what she did not approve. When she saw Fancourt traverse the path leading to the gate without turning into the sidewalk to speak to her, when she heard him call harshly to the groom who had been leading the horses backwards and forwards, a hope arose that Lena's better feelings had prevailed at the last moment, and that the Honorable Mr. Fancourt had been rejected.

Judging by what her own feelings would be after such a necessarily agitating interview, she still lingered amongst the flowerbeds, and walked two or three times up and down the walk that bounded the kitchen garden, where two rows of venerable fruit trees almost formed an arch overhead. At length, anxious to know how the interview had ended, she returned to the house, prepared to offer such sympathy as she could.

Lena had succeeded in conquering her rebellion against the maxims to which, until now, she had given unhesitating adherence, and had become her old self again by the time Bertha joined her. She stood in the middle of the room, a cold, proud expression on her beautiful face—an expression that seemed to defy and repel censure or sympathy—the diamond and emerald bracelet still glittering on her arm. It caught Bertha's eye as she entered, and her heart sank. The acceptance of such a gift could have only one meaning. With a mocking smile Lena regarded her sister's grave countenance.

"Well, Bertha," she said, "why do you not congratulate me?"

"Is it all settled then?" Bertha asked, in anxious tones.

"Yes, it is all settled," Lena replied, stifling a sigh. "Is not this a sufficiently splendid betrothal gift?" She held out her arm as she spoke, that Bertha might examine the bracelet.

"It is very splendid," said Bertha; "but, Lena dear, if I could only be sure that you love Mr. Fancourt!"

"Love!" Lena repeated, with a bitter laugh. "One would think you were some shepherdess living in the golden age. Pray, fair Amaryllis, celebrate your love for Damon as much as you please, but don't attempt to bring your pastorals into every day life in this nineteenth century!"

Bertha looked into Lena's face sadly, the tears rising to her eyes; this light speech revealed more thoroughly than an open confession would have done the aching of her heart. Bertha put her arms round her sister's neck and kissed her.

"Is it too late?" she said.

"Yes, it is too late, you little goose!" Lena replied, shaking off Bertha's caress, as if she dared not trust herself to any softening mood. "And pray do not look at me so pitifully; it really does not seem to me that the future Countess of Alphington will be a subject for compassion. And here comes mamma just in time to wish me joy."

Mrs. Dalton, after remaining away sufficiently long to allow the momentous interview to come to a conclusion, returned in some little trepidation. She believed she could trust her elder daughter—she had no reason to doubt that she would take a sufficiently practical view of her own interests; still at times Lena betrayed sudden flashes of feeling that were beyond her maternal comprehension—and these made her uneasy. It was her chief care to bring all her influence and authority to bear upon her daughters so as to secure their establishment in life and their consequent happiness upon the surest foundation—that of worldly prosperity. Mrs Dalton was quite sincere in her belief that she was thus promoting their highest welfare, and fulfilling her duties in the most admirable manner.

Letting herself in through the gate by her latch key, she walked hurriedly up to the house, rather expecting to find Fancourt still there, and prepared to give him her motherly blessing. On reaching the drawing-room, however, she found only the two girls, and for the moment a shade of fear crossed her mind; but she also noticed the glittering jewel on Lena's arm, and was reassured.

"My precious Lena," she exclaimed, coming forward and embracing her, "I need not ask—I see all is as it should be. I congratulate you a thousand times, my love."

"That is right, mamma," Lena responded, with the same half-contemptuous smile with which she had announced her engagement to her sister; "I have not been able to extort one atom of congratulation from Bertha."

"I hope, though of course in a lesser way, you will take a lesson by your sister's success, and learn a little common sense," said Mrs. Dalton, regarding her younger daughter severely. "My dear, I cannot tell you how happy you have made me," she continued, again turning to Lena. "But why did Mr. Fancourt go away? Why did he not wait to see me?"

"I sent him away—he will come to-morrow—don't be afraid," said Lena, unclasping the gorgeous bracelet from her arm.

"I wonder when he will wish the wedding to be," Mrs. Dalton ran on, occupied with her own thoughts. "Of course there will be settlements and all that sort of thing; it won't interfere with our visit to the Larches, I suppose. The Honorable Mr. Fancourt can't be married at a few days' notice, like a common person. And there will be your *trousseau* to prepare. You can let me have the money you received for your last term, Bertha; it isn't much, but it will help. You see how right I was in desiring you to give up your pupils; for you to teach would be quite unfitting when your sister is about to move in such a position; and I must again beg, Bertha, that you will never mention a word about your having been a teacher—it would never do to let a report get about that the Honorable Mrs. Fancourt's sister had been obliged to give lessons." Mrs Dalton had been untying her bonnet strings and unfastening her mantle while she spoke. She stopped quite out of breath.

"Shall I take your bonnet upstairs for you, mamma?" Bertha asked, without making any reply to her mother's remarks.

"Do—there's a dear," said Mrs. Dalton. "I declare I'm all in a flutter, I'm so delighted. If I were you, Lena, I should insist upon having the drawing-rooms in Magnus Square newly furnished, if you are to live there. If they have been shut up since Lady Alphington's death, seven or eight and twenty years, the hangings and decorations must be quite old fashioned and faded now. And the family jewels will of course be reset. Have you heard Mr. Fancourt say anything about them?"

"Scarcely yet, mamma," Lena replied; "and I very much question whether Mr. Fancourt knows anything about them himself. Old Lord Alphington keeps him very much at arm's length, I suspect. I wonder at that—don't you? Such a charming grandson as he has got!"

"Well, I don't exactly know about charming," said Mrs. Dalton, not understanding Lena's tone of irony; "but we cannot have everything, you know, and it is at any rate right that you should think so, or say so," she added, correcting herself. "I think you said you found Lord Alphington cold and haughty when you met him at the Larches?"

"Oh, no, mamma!" exclaimed Bertha, who entered at the moment with a delicate little structure of lace in her hand, which Mrs. Dalton dignified by the name of cap. "I don't think he was cold at all. Sit down, please, mamma, and I will fasten this on for you."

Mrs Dalton, who had been standing all this time, sat down to allow Bertha to affix the lace to her still bright and abundant hair.

"I don't wonder that you didn't find Lord Alphington either cold or proud, Bertha. He seemed to take quite a fancy to you," said Lena. "I think the possession of the opal ring must have exerted some magic charm. But I'm determined to make him like me. I know I can if I choose."

"Of course you can, my love," Mrs. Dalton assented.

Lena threw herself wearily upon the couch, resting her head on the arm. She felt as if she could never like to sit again on her favorite low chair by the window.

"Mamma," she said, after a while lifting her head, "I've a good mind to make Mr. Fancourt get me a ring made exactly like the one that has been lost. I could give the jeweller the description, and draw the design from memory, I am sure. Don't you remember, when I first saw it, I said I wished it was mine! And now I should have had a right to wear it."

"You may have one made like it, but it won't be the real thing," observed Bertha, who was standing at the window. "I would have nothing to do with counterfeits."

"What does it matter?" Lena rejoined pettishly. "Of course the stones will be real."

"And the opal is symbolic of truth in love," said Bertha, without looking round. "Take care it never loses its fiery glow."

"One would think you were superstitious about that ring," remarked Lena, flushing.

"Not I," Bertha returned, with a smile. "It has proved itself false—otherwise it is I who ought to be the future Countess of Alphington."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton. "That would have been very unlikely."

"Very unlikely indeed, mamma," Bertha assented gravely, without, however, adding the thought that was in her mind, that, if the Honorable Mr Fancourt had been heir to twenty earldoms with all the wealth of the Indies to boot, he would have sued her in vain.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN the Honorable Mr. Fancourt left Ivy Cottage after his proposal to Miss Dalton, he might have been supposed to be a happy man. Everything he had coveted seemed to be his; he had succeeded in his wooing, and the woman he had won he loved passionately, desperately, as he had said—so desperately that he was prepared to dare all to gain possession of her. Yet at the time he was frightened, opportunity and his passion had led him on, and now he would have to meet the consequences. This reflection made him fly as if pursued by some haunting fiend after he had left Lena's side that afternoon. He rode far and fast, dismissing the groom, whose presence troubled him.

In old stories of necromancy it is related how the evil spirits conjured up first appear as a nebulous mist, and then gradually shape themselves into forms of horror. It had been thus with Fancourt. The mist had been gradually taking form, and now the thing that presented itself before his eyes made him quail. He could not help it, he told himself; he was driven onward by circumstances; he could not control events. He would rather have taken a straight path, if it would have led him whither he wanted to go; if it would not so lead him was it his fault? He really felt himself cruelly treated by fate, inasmuch as he seemed thrust into crime. He had no enjoyment in evil deeds; he was not cruel by nature—on the contrary, it was absolutely painful to him to inflict injury upon others. But, if they stood in his way, what could he do? Now, at any rate, he had gone too far to recede; there again fate had been unkind. If he had not been left alone with Lena, he would not have spoken as he had; he would only have felt his way, and waited to see if some fortuitous occurrence would help him. But now, on the contrary, circumstances impelled him down the dark road, and he must go on.

He betrayed no traces of these perturbing thoughts, however, when he called at Ivy Cottage the following day. He had a long and satisfactory interview with Mrs. Dalton—who, though he could make no promises with regard to settlements, seemed quite content to trust to Lord Alphington's generosity—and then had the gratification of being received by Lena with sweet smiles. Mrs Dalton had taken care to hold out before her daughter's eyes all the brilliant advantages of the conquest she had made, and under this influence Lena had, to all outward seeming, recovered her equanimity. She liked being flattered and caressed; she liked the soft places of the world; and, if the little drawback existed of not being able to feel affection for the man who was about to set her on the pinnacle of her aspirations, she must submit. She could not expect to have everything her own way. Thus her reasoning did not differ very widely from that of her betrothed.

Some time elapsed, and the *trousseau* was in active preparation, when Lena found an opportunity to express her desire to have the antique ring imitated. Fancourt was willing enough to gratify this or any other extravagant whim of hers, and appointed the following afternoon, when he would call in his brougham for Mrs. Dalton and Lena, and take them to the jeweller's, where Lena might give her directions. It therefore happened on this afternoon that Bertha was left at home alone, much to her relief.

The more she saw of Fancourt the more thoroughly she disliked him. He filled her with fear. She scarcely knew how to bear the idea that the happiness of one she truly loved should be entrusted to his keeping. She was weary also of the everlasting talk of clothes and jewels and furniture, as if nothing else connected itself with this momentous step in life. The girls slept in adjoining rooms, and it had been their custom to meet in one or other of the rooms while brushing their hair, to have a sisterly chat about the events of the day. But now Lena shut herself in, and refused to talk under pretence of being tired, so that Bertha, excluded from her sister's confidence, was doubly anxious, and also lonely, though her taste and her active fingers were called into constant requisition for advice and help.

Finding herself at liberty for an hour, she opened the piano. Scarcely had she struck a few chords, however, when Douglas came in. She sprang up to meet him, a glad look upon her face. She liked him much, and had never felt the want of a little congenial companionship more than at that moment.

"Do I disturb you?" he said, holding the hand she held out to him.

"Oh, no, not in the least!" she replied, with a bright smile. "I am so glad to see you. I have some new songs here; you shall give me your opinion of them if you like."

Douglas did like; he delighted in hearing Bertha sing. When she had ended, she turned round the music stool on which she sat, so as to face him. After making some remark upon the music, Douglas said:

"Will you be very angry with me if I ask a question on a subject that seems to be no business of mine?"

"I don't think I am likely to be angry with you. "What is it?" inquired Bertha.

"As I came along I saw Mrs. and Miss Dalton in a carriage with Mr. Fancourt. Is there anything serious in that quarter?" Douglas looked grave as he made the inquiry.

"Most serious," Bertha replied. "I don't think I need hesitate to tell you that my sister is engaged to Mr. Fancourt."

"Indeed! has it come to that?" he exclaimed; and his countenance wore a troubled, perplexed expression, very unusual with him.

"You frighten me, Mr Douglas," Bertha said, in alarm, "you know something of Mr. Fancourt?"

"I know nothing of him personally—in fact I have seen him but once before, and that was when I met him here by accident a few weeks ago; and yet I wish this had been otherwise," Douglas returned.

Douglas's tone more than his words alarmed Bertha.

"I am sure you know more than you like to tell me," she said. "Pray speak out."

Douglas arose from his chair, and went to the window, as if to collect his thoughts.

"I ought not to have spoken," he said as he came back and resumed his seat; "I have made a fool of myself, because I can not explain how matters stand. A secret is involved that is not mine. And now I have frightened you, and you will think me a meddlesome fellow with no more brains than Pinch here," he added, pulling the ears of the dog, who had followed him into the room.

"I don't suppose I shall ever think of that," Bertha observed; "but I am sadly troubled. I don't mind confessing to you that what you say agrees with my own feelings towards Mr Fancourt. And yet I shall not dare to say anything to mamma or Lena without some sure ground to go upon; they would deem it simply nothing but my own prejudice."

"Say rather your own instincts," Douglas returned. "I verily believe there are women who through their very goodness instinctively discern what is evil." He paused a while, seemingly in consideration. "Will you let me know when this marriage is fixed to take place?"

"I will certainly. I am sure you have some good reason, or you would not have asked it. Oh, Mr. Douglas, you have made me very unhappy!" she cried, the tears springing to her eyes.

"When I would lay down my life to make you happy!" the young man exclaimed, vehemently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INVETERATE SMOKERS.—Both Oxford and Cambridge have been famous for inveterate smokers. Amongst them was the learned Barrow, who said "it helped his thinking." His illustrious pupil, Newton, was scarcely less addicted to the "weed," and every one has heard of his hapless courtship, when, in a moment of forgetfulness, he popped the question, and then pressing down the lighted tobacco in his pipe with his lady-loves finger, was so chagrined, that he never could be persuaded to press the matter further. Dr. Parr was allowed his pipe when he dined with King George IV, and when refused the same indulgence by a lady at whose house he was staying he told her, 'she was the greatest tobacco stopper he had met with." The celebrated Dr. Farmer, preferred the comforts of the parlor of the College, of which he was master, and a "yard clay," pipe to a bishopric, which dignity he twice refused. Another learned. And also of wit, mirth, puns, and pleasantry, was the famous Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, the name to be forgotten composer of the old song. "Hark, the merry Christ Church bells," and of another to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, which is not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear. His pipe was his breakfast, dinner, and supper, and a student of Christ church, at ten o'clock one night, finding it difficult to persuade a "freshman" of the fact, laid him a wager that the dean was at that instant smoking. Away he hurried to the deanery to decide the controversy, and on gaining admission apologised for his intrusion by relating the occasion of it. "Well," replied the dean, with his pipe in his hand, "you see you have lost your wager; for I am not smoking, but filling my pipe."

The way in which vanity displays itself in little things is often amusing. Everybody has heard of the warm farmer, who complained of the heat of wearing silver buttons, when he found those he sported unnoticed. In like manner, Dr. Johnson related an anecdote of a man who was so fond of displaying on his sideboard all the plate he possessed, that he actually added his spurs to the shining heap.

A young lady of Keokuk was asked to name the wedding day, and she at once fell forward an died. Iowa girls either blush or die in the attempt.

Important Notice!

As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME TO JULY 1st.

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Geneva, Ohio, May 12, 1881.

Editors Post:—My papers and premium were duly received. The ring is elegant; Please accept my thanks for the gift. Will always speak a good word for the Post. MRS. L. J. H. B.

Cascade, Mich., May 13, 1881.

Editors Post.—Received my ring. Am well pleased with it. I like the paper too. M. A. A.

Webberville, Texas, May 20, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your valuable present received—ring, stud and earrings. Please accept many thanks and best wishes for your future prosperity. To say they are all just lovely does not half express my admiration for their brilliant beauty. Have compared them with real diamonds and failed to do out any difference. MRS. F. M. I.

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 18, 1881.

Editors Post,—Received the premium ring yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. I think your paper splendid. MRS. J. C. D.

Flint River, Ga., May 18, 1881.

Editors of Saturday Evening Post.—I received the ring and am very much pleased with it. It is a great deal prettier than I expected. It is so beautiful. Accept thanks. The Post I consider a most excellent paper. I intend to take it as long as I can. J. H. S.

Aurora, Neb., May 16, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received the ring and am very much pleased with it. All who have seen it pronounce it elegant. Accept thanks. The paper alone is worth the money. Long live the Post. MRS. J. L. T.

Charlotte, S. C., May 17, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received your valuable premium Diamante ring, and am pleased with it. J. J.

Nunda, N. Y., May 16, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring received. Am very much pleased with it. It is all you recommend it to be. O. H.

Brooklyn, May 18, 1881.

Editor Post:—The papers and premium ring came promptly to hand. My expectations about both were completely realized. I am in raptures over the ring. It is so perfect. M. O.

Columbus, Texas, May 12, 1881.

Editor Post:—I received my premium ring yesterday evening, and am very much pleased with it. The paper is quite charming, and the ring beautiful. I am quite satisfied with the Post and ring. W. M. J.

Bluff Springs, Ill., May 15, 1881.

Gentlemen:—The ring received. It exceeds my expectations. G. W. L.

Utica, Ohio, May 16, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received the ring and am very much pleased with it. It is much better than I expected. I like the Post very much. L. A. L.

Blandon, Pa., May 17, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I received your ring premium and am well pleased with it. It is much better than what I expected to receive. I believe it is worth twice the price of the paper and the premium. I would not be without the Post if it would cost twice as much. I wish you success. W. S. M.

Woodland Z. lo Co., Cal., May 9, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have just received the ring and stud. Thanks for your generosity. I have now the three premiums. They are perfectly beautiful. The paper is one of the most interesting I have ever had. MRS. A. M. K.

Bridgeport, May 21, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the Diamante ring, and am highly pleased with it. It is all you represented it to be. MRS. M. E. B.

Dodd, Texas, May 21, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your new premium earrings arrived safely, and I am well pleased with them. All who see them admire them. I am also well pleased with the paper—could not do without it. M. L. B.

Turner, Marion Co., Oregon, May 24, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received the earrings and am very well pleased with them. Accept my thanks for the same. MRS. T. A. S.

Conshatta, La., May 18, 1881.

Editors Post:—The ring came duly to hand and is brilliant. It rivals a gem of the first water—a beauty. It is the admiration of all. I would not do without the paper. J. J. H.

Beverly, Mass., May 23, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—My ring came to order, and I am more than pleased with it. I find your paper very interesting. M. A. D.

Van Alstyne, Texas, May 21, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium stud and think it very nice. MRS. M. J. B.

Aurora, Nev., May 21, 1881.

Editors Post:—Much obliged for the earrings. They are beautiful, and it would require a good judge to tell them from the genuine. I will try and get the [illegible] ring soon. DR. H. B. D.

Brownsingville, Md., May 27, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received your Diamante ring several weeks ago, and like it very much. I shall do all I can for your paper. Several of my friends sent to you after they saw my ring. They were much pleased with it. E. A.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.

Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

723 Sansom Street, Phila'a.

The Helping Hand.

BY JAMES GRANT.

IT was in the year 1856, when I was pursuing my calling of land agent through that part of Southern Illinois which is known, even to this day, as Egypt; and a more lonely, benighted spot, in those days, could not be found on the American continent. The abode of murderers, horse-thieves, and every species of outlaws that could be raked and scraped together from every part of the country.

It was, I think, the nineteenth day of September, that I found myself traveling through a much wilder portion of country than I had previously gone over. The most of the way lay through a thick forest. My only guide was a rude trail, often so indistinct that I wandered from it, and only gained it again by paying strict attention to the trees that had been severed by the axe.

I was mounted upon a very valuable horse, of iron-gray color, and I was assured by the one with whom I had exchanged, that he was but six years of age. Whether this was so or not, I know that he was not old, and he proved to be the most intelligent brute I had ever seen.

The sky suddenly grew overcast, and while hurrying to gain some shelter, I met a stranger. He was apparently about forty years of age, though he might have been older. He was armed with a rifle, and a brace of pistols was stuck in his belt. Instinctively, I placed my hand upon my holster, where I carried my pistols; but then, ashamed of my suspicions, I withdrew it.

"Where are you going stranger?" he asked.

"To Linton; and I want to take the shortest route there. Which of these roads shall I take?"

"The left hand. Do you mean to go to Linton to-night? It is a good twelve miles, if it is one."

"Twelve miles!" I repeated, in dismay. 'Surely, you must be mistaken! It cannot be that!'

"Well, it 's, stranger, and the night will be as dark as pitch. I should advise to put up as soon as you get a chance. There is a cabin about two miles ahead, where they will receive you. Got a fine horse here, stranger? What might you take for your horse, when you get to Linton, where you can get another?"

"I have no price for him, because I do not wish to sell."

"Is he kind?"

I was about to reply in the affirmative, when the man held out his hand to caress him. In a moment he gave a cry of pain. He had bitten one of his fingers badly; and there was a look in his eye which said, as plainly as words could, "I don't like this man."

"I never knew him to do such a thing before, though I had owned him but a short time," was my reply, as I vaulted to his back.

"He gave me quite a nip and looks as though he would like to do the same thing over again. Then you don't want to part with him at any price?"

"No. He is doing me good service. Good day, sir." And I gave my horse the rein, and he sprang forward at a brisk trot.

Looking round, I saw my new acquaintance still standing where I had left him, gazing after me. In a moment the trees had hidden him from my sight.

For a little way the path was good, and the trail easy to be followed; but gradually it became rougher and more indistinct, until at last it was next to impossible to follow it.

At last I saw a light, and following it up found myself before a small cabin.

The sound of my horse's steps brought an occupant of the cabin to the door; and in reply to my demand for his hospitality for the night, he bade me dismount and come in out of the rain, and he would lead my horse to a shelter.

I dismounted and entered. The cabin contained only two persons besides myself—the man whom I had seen, and a pale looking woman; somewhere near his own age, and apparently his wife. The man was large, and strongly built, and there was an evil look upon his face, in spite of the smile that continually hovered about his lips. His eyes were small and piercing, overhung by shaggy eyebrows. His age might have been fifty, and, in all, he was by no means one that a stranger would be apt to put confidence in. The woman went about the work of getting my supper without once speaking, except in reply to her husband when he addressed her, and a good evening to me when I came in. Judging from appearances, I decided that there was a quarrel between the two.

I had supper and after seeing that my horse was all right, I desired to be shown to a place where I could lie down. The man lighted a piece of candle, and bade me follow him up a ladder, into the loft overhead. Pointing to a rude bed, up against one end of the cabin, he bade me good night, and setting down the candle, retired, letting the trap door down behind him.

I examined my apartment, and found that it contained no window, no possible way of egress except the one by which I had come. Satisfied on this point, I turned to my bed, and, taking my pistols, examined them carefully, to be sure that the caps had not become damp; and then, after placing them beneath my pillow, I threw myself upon the bed, and tried to sleep.

It was some little time before it was accomplished; and then the last thing that I can remember, is, hearing the voices of the man and woman in low converse, mingled with the sound of rain upon the roof. I awoke with a start, and an undefined feeling of terror. The rain had ceased, but all was pitchy darkness.

Suddenly I felt a slight vibration of the bed upon which I lay, and then there was another motion, as if some one was trying to drag it along the floor. I reached out my hand and encountered that of another, soft, and unlike that of a man. In silence I followed down the wrist, and I found it came up through an aperture in the floor. The next moment there came a low whisper from below the hand.

"You are in danger. Do not sleep again as you value your life!"

The hand tried to draw itself from mine; and, with a pressure, that she should understand that I heard all, I released my hold upon it, and it was at once withdrawn.

I was thoroughly awake now, and I placed my hand beneath my pillow, and found that my pistols were safe. The next moment, I heard footsteps below. The outer door closed, and then came the sound of voices. By laying my ear to the aperture through which the warning hand was thrust, I heard every word that was uttered.

"I tell you it is a splendid horse, Ben, and it can be ours, if you'll but say the word. One strong blow, now the chap is asleep, and the horse is ours, and all the trouble's over.

"I know the horse is a good one, but what's the use of killing the chap, when there is no need of it? I reckon, Sam, that we have done enough in that line, and it's time we left it off."

"I can't see, for my life, what you want to save this fellow for, who is a land agent, and whose business here is to turn you out of doors, after all your hard labor. You are a fool, Ben Griffin and I am ashamed of you as one of the gang."

"Is what you say true, Sam? Is this fellow a land-agent, putting money in his own pockets out of us?"

"Yes, Ben; he is that, I saw him in Burton the other day, and again by the forks to night, though he did not know me. I sent him the wrong road on purpose, so that he might come here to night."

"Then kill him if you want to. I don't care to safe his life."

Every word of this conversation had come to my ears; and I knew, when it was finished that danger was before me. I had in the first sound of his voice, recognized the man I had met in the forest, and the one who had pleaded for my life was my host. But a land agent was held in horror by him, as by all squatters and he had given his consent to my butchery. I had not one to depend upon but myself, and, perhaps the woman who had warned me of danger. I must work for myself. I had but little time to loose, for I heard the foot-steps of the assassin coming towards the ladder. A minute more, and the crisis would come.

With a pistol in either hand, I waited his coming, I heard the ladder crack beneath his weight, and then the trap door was slowly lifted, and his head appeared in the dim light that flashed from the dying embers. The time had come for action. The head and body of the villian were above the floor, and levelling one of my pistols at the region I fired. Simultaneous with the report, was a cry of mortal agony, a crash and all was as still and dark as before.

Five minutes must have elapsed, with not a sound from below. I still stood by my bed, uncertain what to do, or how to act, with the darkness and gloom about me. Then I heard low voices in conversation, and soon the door of the cabin opened and shut. With the sound, I sprang to the trap door, lifted it, and was down the ladder and on the ground floor in a moment. I was thinking of my horse then, and I cast only one look at the ghastly corpse lying at my feet.

My horse was safe, and I stood by his side until daylight came, but saw and heard no living being. Then I went into the cabin, but the dead man was its only occupant.

I saw that the bed from which the woman had probably risen to warn me, was directly under mine. She saved my life, but I never afterwards saw her to thank her for it.

I retraced my steps to the forks of the road, and, before noon, was in Linton. With a party of officers, I returned in the cabin; but, as when I left, the dead man was its only occupant.

The power of love consists mainly in the privilege that potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DUCKS.—Ducks, it is said, always lay their eggs at night. In this respect, it is supposed, they differ from all other fowls.

BEARS AND BULLS.—He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is said, proverbially, to sell the bear's skin while the bear runs in the wood; and it being common for stock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring the stock at a future time, though not possessed of the stock to be transferred, were called sellers of bear-skins, or "bears."

CHINESE DUNS.—Queer people, the Chinese Creditors, in the celestial empire, have, it is said, a singular method of prosecuting debtors. When weary of dunning, in the ordinary method, they carry away the door of the delinquent's house. This lets in evil genii, and is considered a great misfortune. To prevent it, debtors often burn their houses, doors and all.

FRENCH PRISONS.—At one of the leading prisons at Paris, the prisoners were formerly lowered into a dungeon named La Fosse, by an opening contrived in the vault, in the same manner that a bucket descends into a well. Perhaps this fosse was the same, where the prisoners' feet were in water, and they could neither stand upright nor lie down. In short, the prisoners confined here died after a fortnight's detention.

A ROYAL BOOT-STRETCHER.—Living at his ease near Baden in the enjoyment of a perpetual pension is the illustrious personage who during the life of the late Archduke, father of the present Emperor of Austria, discharged the functions of boot-stretcher to that imperial sybarite. It was his only duty to wear his master's new boots before they were adopted by the owner; but who shall say that he had a sinecure?

THE SWIFTEST BIRD.—The swiftest bird, probably, is the eagle of the sea, or frigate bird, often measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip. It hovers at an elevation of 10 000 feet when a storm sweeps over the ocean. If it wishes to travel, says a French naturalist, it can almost annihilate space. It can breakfast in Africa and dine in America. This bird reposes on its great motionless wings, literally "sleeping on the bosom of the air."

A KING'S LIBRARIES.—Frederick the Great had five libraries, all exactly alike, and containing the same books, ranged in the same order; one at Potsdam, a second at Sans Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth at Casrl steaburg, and a fifth at Breslau. On removing to either of those places, he only had to make a note of the page where he left off to pursue it without interruption on his arrival. Accordingly, he always bought five copies of the books he intended to read.

CAUSES OF SUICIDE.—An Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a girl who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan bride because her husband of three days swore at her.

THE KITCHEN GOD.—Among the many gods of the Chinese is the kitchen god. They put up a new one every New Year's day, when they burn the old one. They think that this god takes care of everything in the kitchen, and if the fire don't burn, or the bread is baking too fast, or there is any trouble, they scold and beat the god. When he is burned, they think he goes to heaven and tell all that has happened in their kitchen for a year; so sometimes they daub molasses on his mouth before they burn him and they think then he can't tell.

BLINDNESS IN EGYPT.—Travelers in Egypt are surprised at the large amount of opthalmia and blindness prevalent among the inhabitants. Want of cleanliness is the cause. An Egyptian mother, under the influence of a widely prevalent superstition, does not wash her child's eyes until eight days after birth. By that time the organ is frequently ruined. The teachers in the American and British mission schools of Cairo say that Egyptian mothers become invariably angry when urged to wash the eyes of their newly born infants, and can rarely be persuaded to comply with a request of the kind.

QUINCES AND FIGS.—A noted Turk, wishing to propitiate the victor Tamerlane, proposed to carry him some fruit. "Hold," said he, "Two heads are better than one; I will ask my wife whether I had better carry quinces or figs." His wife replied, "Quinces will please him best because they are larger and finer." "However useful the advice of others may be," rejoined he, "it is never well to follow the advice of women; I am determined to take figs." When arrived in the camp, Tamerlane amused himself by throwing the figs at his bald head. At every blow the Turk exclaimed, 'God be praised." Tamerlane inquired what he meant. "I am thanking God that I did not follow my wife's advice," replied he, "for if I had brought quinces instead of figs, I should certainly have a broken head."

IN LONG AGO

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

The orchard lands of Long Ago!
O drowsy winds, awake, and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be.
Blow back along the grassy ways
Of truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard-lands of Long Ago.

Blow back the melody that slips
In lazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much if any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple's is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds—
The lisp, the titter, and the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer-time a glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so,
In orchard-lands of Long Ago.

O memory, alight and sing
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,
And golden russets glint and gleam
As in the old Arabian dream
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Aladdin robbed for me.
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan
My blood as when it over-ran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard-lands of Long Ago.

Buying a Pet.

BY E. L. JAMES.

MRS. SPITZBOOZY was sitting at the head of the table, and as she passed me my first cup of coffee, said:

"Did it ever occur to you, dear, that we haven't a dog?"

I knew of course that we never *did* have a dog, and thanked heaven for it; but whether it had ever occurred to me or not I was not quite sure, and not wishing to commit myself before I knew at what Mrs. Spitzboozy was driving, I answered, heartily, "No!" I was pretty safe in the assertion, for I had never given the subject a moment's thought one way or the other.

"Well, dear, we *ought* to have a dog. He will be such a pet for the children, you know—besides, a dog is so useful about the house."

Of what earthly use a canine brute, yelping in the parlors, and tripping up people as they came down stairs, could possibly be in a man's house, in town, I did not know; but Mrs. Spitzboozy had asserted that *she did*, and I had only to confess my ignorance, and insert "Buy a dog for Mrs. S." in my memorandum.

"Send him up before dinner, dear—and you'd better buy a silver collar, and have "Spitzboozy" engraved upon it, in case we should lose him, you know!"

I walked meditatively down town till I reached Trinity churchyard. A man was leaning against a railing, with a basket full of dogs. There were five of them—delicious little creatures, with no ears nor tails nor eyes, as far as I could see. They were about three inches long, each, and the man said they were of the King Charles breed. As Mrs. Spitzboozy did not state the breed which would be most useful about the house, nor give any particulars in regard to the *size*, but merely stated that a dog was needed in the house, and as it appeared to me that the King Charles breed in its present state would at least be as quiet as any other, for some time to come, I gave the man five dollars for one of the execrable little snubnosed brutes, and told him to take it home.

I walked about my business as cheerful and happy as usual, and nobody who spoke with me would have known that I was suffering of a dog in the house. I met Mrs. Spitzboozy in the hall, as I reached home that evening. The King Charles had just arrived, and a servant was holding the delicate little creature in his hands.

"How could you send home such a foolish little thing?" inquired Mrs. Spitzboozy.

"Why, my dear, that's a King Charles!"

"It looks as much like a cat as like a dog," said Mrs. Spitzboozy, "and very little like either." "This is not the sort of dog I meant, Mr. Spitzboozy. We want a shaggy dog with a tail and eyes—a dog that knows how to bark!"

Here was the upshot of my strategy! All I had got by it was the superaddition of a barking qualification to the other requirements of a useful dog. I invariably got the worst of it whenever I tried tactics with Mrs. Spitzboozy.

I saw nothing canine that answered the requirements of Mrs. S. that day or the next. But the day after I was driving with a friend in the upper part of the island, when a white and black example of a dog flew from behind a fence, and commenced howling and yelping around the horse's feet in the most pertinacious and extraordinary manner. In vain the whip-lash flew around his sprightly legs; the tuneful animal persisted in the music, it was the most dogmatic bark I had ever observed.

I drew up the horses. Here was the animal for Mrs. Spitzboozy—an animal that knew how to bark! As I stopped the sonorous brute bolted behind a fence, and squatting spitefully upon his haunches, sat bolt upright and stared at me. I viewed him with a critical eye, for I was becoming a connoisseur in dogs. He was certainly shaggy, for every hair stood out straight and stiff, as if it had been driven in with a mallet, and he had a tail doubtless, though *that* wasn't much to brag of, and there was no question about his eyes, but the crowning excellence of that dog was his voice; such a glorious bark! I knew he would realize Mrs. Spitzboozy's fondest wishes.

I informed my friend that I was about to purchase the animal.

"You're going to buy that yellow cur, Spitzboozy?" Nonsense!"

I was spared any more of my friend's painful criticisms—painful because they reflected upon Mrs. Spitzboozy's taste—by the arrival of the owner, who appeared to be a traveller—a foot traveller.

"Will you sell me your dog, sir?" I inquired rather timidly, for I did not know but the man had become attached to him, (I had heard of such things,) and would be loth to part with him.

"Sell that hamiable hanimal—that hanimal as followed my tracks, and shared my wittles for eine precious long weeks! Sell that useful and voracious brute! Yes!"

"What is your price?" I asked.

"Well, sir, there was a time when a quarter wouldn't ha' bought a lock of his precious hair, but he's a little less valuable now, on account of the high price of provisions, and that beautiful dog can be took off my hands for fifty cents."

I was surprised at the cheapness of the animal, and charitably gave the man a dollar, the surplus being meant as a reward for his candidness and honesty.

With some difficulty the playful brute was caught, and placed in the bottom of the wagon. My friend kept his heel on his head all the way home, to repress the little exuberance of spirit which he seemed disposed to manifest.

"There," said I, "Mrs. Spitzboozy," as I entered the parlor, and pointed to my last purchase, which was nosing impertinently in every corner of the hall, uttering all the while little detached snarls; "there is the dog you want; that animal has the finest bark you ever heard!"

"Doesn't he look dirty, dear? I am afraid he's cross; he hasn't a pleasant expression!"

"Not a particle of it, Mrs Spitzboozy. He followed a man nine long weeks, and became greatly attached to him, which shows that he is a dog susceptible of human feelings, Mrs. Spitzboozy, and that your suspicions do him great injustice!"

Just then there was a prolonged yelp, followed by a diminutive squeal, in the hall, and we both ran out to see what was the matter. The "hamiable hanimal," in the progress of his investigations, had discovered the King Charles, who was lying in the bottom of the hall stand, and having seized him by the nape of the neck, was making mince-meat of his royal highness in double quick time.

"Don't touch him, dear!" said I.

"But he will kill the little creature!" said Mrs Spitzboozy.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, don't touch him!"

"For shame, Mr. Spitzboozy!" and my wife's humanity lent vigor to the little foot, which sent the carnivorous brute yelping to the farther end of the hall.

I informed Mrs Spitzboozy at breakfast next morning, that a friend of mine had a dog which I thought would suit her; but as I had succeeded so bad in my selections, I would have him sent to the house before purchasing him, that she might judge of him herself Mrs Spitzboozy said that was an excellent plan.

I stopped at my friend's house on my way down town, and looked at the animal He was a large thick boned brute, of a dubious tan color. My friend said he was a watch-dog, distantly related to the St. Bernard breed, and that he should never think of selling him, but he was going to give up his house in town, and had no need of a watch-dog. It struck me that this animal would be useful about the house; and in the hope of satisfying Mrs. Spitzboozy, I was about to pay for him at once, when the prudential plan we had agreed upon, of submitting the next dog-purchase to her inspection, occurred to me, and I asked my friend to send him up to the house, and let Mrs S. have a sight at him. He promised to do so.

As I ascended my stoop in the evening, I felt a little annoyed, to be sure, at what I regarded a very fair prospect of turning my house in a dog kennel; but I was sustained by the consciousness of having tried to gratify Mrs Spitzboozy, and so turned my latch-key with an eminently happy and contented feeling. I had scarcely opened the door, when a savage face, and a peculiarly white row of very sharp teeth showed themselves at the opening, and I was greeted with a growl that made me slam the door shut, with extraordinary energy. At the same moment a window opened above, and Mrs. Spitzboozy put out her head.

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, do kill that dog!"

"Is that my dog? Have you bought that savage brute?"

"Yes, dear; and we are all upstairs. Nobody dares go down. The cook hasn't been able to get to the kitchen for three hours, and there is no dinner ready. That fearful animal stands at the foot of the stairs, and won't allow any one to go by him!"

"He has not killed the King Charles and the other scraggy thing, has he?"

"Oh, no, they're up here with us, half frightened to death!"

"He has not been making himself useful about the house then, Mrs. Spitzboozy?"

"No."

I procured a revolver of a neighbor, and opening the street door, shot Mrs. Spitzboozy's purchase in the eye. The distant relative of the St Bernard breed rolled over dead at the foot of the stairs. I was sorry to do it; but while I paid the taxes I concluded I had the first right of possession to my own premises.

Since that day, Mrs Spitzboozy has said nothing about any new dogs. I have abandoned the dog business, except that I am making efforts to dispose of the stock I have at present. I find it difficult, and fear that I shall have to wait till warm weather, when the dog ordinance is in force, and then turn the animals unmuzzled into the street.

NO COMMON SOLDIER.—An old French writer relates the following of the reign of Louis XV:—One morning on parade, when my grandfather was minutely inspecting his new regiment, he observed a soldier who held his musket in a very awkward manner, and was about to reprove the man, when the major whispered him not to notice it, as he should be informed of the reason. When the parade was over the major related that when the regiment was quartered in the provinces, this soldier, then a corporal, saw two of his comrades fighting in the street with drawn swords. Now, by a general order, it was forbidden to soldiers to draw their swords in the streets under pain of losing their right hand—the corporal; therefore, seeing the consequence likely to accrue to his comrades rushed to prevent it, and, according to the military usage which forbids any one from separating crossed swords but with a sword drawn, drew his sword and placed himself between them. At this moment the guard appeared and the two culprits saved themselves by flight; but the corporal knowing the correctness of his intention and forgetting that, in the execution of a good deed, he had himself offended against the law, quietly surrendered himself with his sword in his hand and was conducted to the guard-house. A court-martial was speedily called and the corporal told the truth. They demanded the names of the guilty persons, and menaced him with the punishment if he did not reply—"Gentlemen replied the gallant fellow, "it is true I know them; but I cannot name them: which of you would betray a comrade! No; if I must suffer the punishment, I shall at least know that I have been the means of saving two men for the king's service, and the only favor I ask is that my left hand be cut off instead of my right, in order that I may yet be able to draw a sword for my country." This worthy fellow was condemned and his request was complied with, but when he arrived at the block, he said to the executioner;—"I suffer this humiliation from a sense of discipline and honour, but, as it is the order of the king, it ought to be executed by the hand of a soldier; stand back, therefore and give me the axe!" Seizing the instrument, he placed his hand upon the block and severed it from his body at a blow! This was the same soldier that held his musket so indifferently on the parade.

ROYAL HAPPINESS.—At one time the late Czar was prevailed upon to wear a chain breastplate under his tunic, but though one of the lightest kind was made for him he could not bear its weight, so the expedient was adopted of causing his tunics to be padded with cotton wool steeped in a preparation which hardened it, and rendered it, if not bullet proof, at least knife proof, and difficult for even a bullet to pierce at a long shot. An attempt was made some time ago to poison the Czar by sending him a petition covered with some noxious powder, since which he refused to receive letters, papers, or petitions. For a similar reason he gave up smoking, though he used to like a cigar, and he drank no wine but from bottles uncorked in his presence. In the Imperial kitchen the Czar's food was prepared by a French cook, who plied all his vocation under the eyes of two police guards—not that the cook himself could incur any suspicion, but because some conspirator might have got at the ingredients he was preparing. The food was always cooked in the simplest way, without sauces, and it was tasted by two officials before it was served at the Czar's table. Everything that Alexander II ate or drank was tasted in his presence, and all the attendance in the dining-room was performed by servants of tried fidelity.

ELECTRIC FISHES.

SOME are fishes extremely electrical. That of the Gymnotus is the most powerful. In the upper Brazil country they are used by the natives to facilitate the capture of wild horses. A herd is surrounded and driven in the direction of the stream or lake containing the eels, and into which the frightened animals rush stamping on the fish, many of which are as large as a man's leg and six feet in length, that in defense throw out their shocks of electricity, so completely benumbing the horses that they are easily caught. The eels also exhaust their powers, and are captured with comparative safety, rallying again, however, in a few hours. Heat has been evolved and the electric spark obtained from the fish. Notwithstanding its terrible power, there is a little parasite fish, two or three inches in length, that preys upon it, utterly oblivious to its shocks. The best known electric fish however the torpedo—is an inhabitant of our own waters. Fishermen are often made painfully aware of its presence in their nets, the shocks passing up the lines, and even following up splashes of water, and giving the men a violent shock. One was thrown down as quick as if he had been knocked down with an axe. The largest specimens of torpedo found in our waters weigh nearly two hundred pounds. To test the power of this fish a duck was placed over one that was confined in an aquarium. It swam around quietly for a few moments, and then suddenly became restive, darting from side to side in an erratic manner, trying to escape. Its discomfiture rapidly increased, as was shown by its gasping and the fluttering of the wings. That only seemed to exasperate the fish to further efforts and in ten minutes from the time the duck was put in the water it was taken out dead. A large sunfish, when put in the tank, showed its terror by endeavoring to leap from it, but, falling back, it was soon paralyzed by the torpedo. Its battery, if it can be called such, occupies a position between the skull and the fins on each side. It is composed of a large number of upright columns, each of which is covered and enclosed by an extremely thin membrance. The great sea devil is also said to possess electric power.

THE NOSE.—The blind man of Utrecht mentioned by several authors, is said to have been able to discover colors by feeling them: it is not less astonishing that several metals should be distinguished by the smelling alone. The ancients mention various instances of this. Martial records a case of a person who consulted nothing but his nose, to know if the copper that had been brought to him was of the true Corinthian. Some native Indian merchants have a still more exquisite sense of smell, for, according to the accounts of travelers in India, if a piece of money is given them, they only smell it, by which they are able to decide exactly its finess, without touchstone, balance, or aqua fortis: even if it be a piece of copper covered over with a leaf of silver, they discover the cheat in the same manner. It is said that the natives of many districts of India who abstain from the use of animal food, have an exquisite sense of smelling: so much so, that they have the power of detecting the particular spring from which the water is brought and offered to them for drink; and this water is quite inodorous to Europeans. The Indians have a word in their language which denotes a country of fine water. It has been related, that the negroes of the Antilles, by smell alone, can distinguish between the footsteps of a Frenchman and a negro.

ABOUT LOVE.—It has been noticed that the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to be corralled into matrimony. That the little boys prefer boys to girls. That they soon change, never to go back to their early love. That the little girls love the girls best. That they don't get over their preference so soon as the boys do—some of them never. That women love the man because they love everything they have to take care of. That men love women because they cannot help it. That a wife loves her husband so well that she has no thought for other men. That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all women for her sake. That the married man is apt to think himself all killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman to marry him. That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them. That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have. That the man who marries late in life does well. That the man who never marries is to be pitied. That the woman who marries does well. That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

A friend of the domestic quadruped creation drives a horse about the streets of London that wears spectacles. The animal was found to be near-sighted, and its owner has successfully tried the experiment of remedying the defect in the same way as is done with human beings.

HE IS DEAD.

BY A. M.

The earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes:—
The breath of spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God! they make a jocund noise, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

I would not wish him back she cried,
In this dark world of pain;
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER LIII.—(CONTINUED.)

AN oily, sleek, soft-spoken man; the shadow, the make up of a gentleman; the shadow without the substance; the manner without the soul."

"You have indeed described him."

"God," exclaimed the young man, clasping his hands, "this is indeed most providential. Blessed, blessed chance which induced you to apply to us."

"Can you give me hope?"

"More."

"More!" repeated the colonel, gasping for breath.

With a strong effort Tom Briarly recovered himself. He saw at once how tangled a mesh he had to unwind, how cruel it would be to give false hopes; and he resolved to act accordingly.

"The certainty of discovering the man you seek for; the rest is in the hands of Heaven. I have known him from childhood; his son, who is the very soul of honor and truthfulness, is my dearest friend. Promise me, colonel, should our efforts prove successful, promise me, for that son's sake, to show mercy to the father."

"Provided he acts justly," replied the old soldier gravely.

"Yes! yes! everything must be subordinate to that," said the young lawyer.

"Colonel Mortimer," he continued after a pause, "you *must* place this affair unreservedly in my hands; did you know the true, the deep interest I take in it, you would not hesitate. I dare not tell you all I anticipate, all I hope, least I should raise expectations that may not be realised. I will confine that torture to my own bosom, and spare your feelings."

"I do not comprehend you."

"I scarcely comprehend myself," exclaimed Tom with increased excitement. "All I can say is, trust me, trust me. I will not deceive you."

His client regarded the features of the speaker, flushed and animated with the hope he scarcely dared whisper to himself, in silence.

"Oh, that I could convince you."

"Of your integrity you have convinced me," he replied at last.

"Thank Heaven!"

"And I place myself unreservedly in your hands, but let there be no unnecessary concealment. Recollect that I am a soldier, and inured to suffering."

"You will return with me at once to London?"

"Yes."

"And be guided solely by my directions?"

"Yes."

"In return," replied the young lawyer, "I promise you that all that zeal, patience, and perseverance can accomplish shall be done. May I ask if you have any friends in the ministry? Can you exercise any influence with the government?"

"The secretary for foreign affairs is my most intimate friend; we were boys together."

"Thank Heaven for that! Providence seems working its own wise end."

The following morning Tom Briarly and his new client started for London.

Their first visit was paid to the Bank of England. The colonel had placed the half of his fortune in the funds in the joint names of his daughter Ellen Mortimer and her guardian. On examining the books it appeared the money had been drawn out by the latter upon the forged certificate of her death.

This was what Tom both expected and wished.

Armed with a warrant and a letter from the foreign secretary to the English minister in Paris, they next arranged to start for the Continent, accompanied by an officer upon whose direction the young lawyer felt he might rely, for he had no wish to proceed to extremities with Mr. Beacham unless driven to it. He had not forgotten that he was the father of his friend.

"Going to Paris!" exclaimed Mr. Quarl, greatly surprised when he had heard the intensions of his nephew. "And what can take you there?"

"The interest of our new client."

"Colonel Mortimer?"

"Yes."

"Upon my word, Tom, you appear to feel them very warmly," observed the old man. "Have not seen you so interested in any case since——"

He paused.

"Since Lady Rislip's affair."

"Well, yes; that is certainly what I was about to say."

"We shall bring it to a triumphant conclusion yet."

Mr Quarl shook his head doubtfully.

"I have obtained——"

"Tom! Tom! do not let your heart run away with your head. That affair I fear is closed for ever."

"Not so, uncle. I have obtained the most hopeful clue. But not a word to Frank, or to his sister. I would not wring their hearts should any disappointment arise."

"You need not fear my direction," observed his relative dryly, and with a marked emphasis upon the word "my" "I can be silent."

Tom smiled. He knew what the old man meant.

"Trust for once to mine," he said shaking him by the hand. "And now, my dear, good, kind uncle, at once farewell. Do not think me unkind, but I wish to have the merit of conducting the affair to a happy termination. Something whispers me the happiness of my life depends upon its success. I should grudge even your sharing it with me. Nothing less," he added, "could induce me to leave you at this moment when the affair of Lady Eastcott and her worthless husband claims all your care. When is the meeting to take place?"

"To-morrow."

"I wish I could be there."

"I wish so too," said Mr. Quarl; "but I have no right to do your feelings violence by the expression of my desire. To Paris with your new client, and Heaven prosper your endeavours, though how or to what point they are directed, I have not the least idea."

"I will tell you, uncle," replied the young man. "I have the hope, nay, almost the certainty of being in a position to prove that Lucy is not the sister of Frank."

The lawyer started with surprise.

"Not the daughter of Mr. Beacham."

"Prove that," exclaimed the old man, "and she is Lady Rislip."

"Even so."

"Go, my dear boy, go; away with you where duty and inclination call upon you: never mind me, I can get through any amount of business—double, threefold—never felt so young and full of vigor in my life—require neither advice nor assistance."

Tom smiled.

"Go," repeated the speaker, "and Heaven prosper your undertaking. I will pray for it. You are right—quite right, your happiness does depend upon success. Clear the fair fame of Lucy, establish the right of her son to the earldom, and I answer for it she will not refuse the recompense you will have so richly merited."

That same evening Tom Briarly and Colonel Mortimer, accompanied by the detective, started for the Continent.

We must leave them for awhile, and request our readers to assemble with us round the bedside of a dying man—the Hon. Edward Berrington.

CHAPTER LIV

HOW frequently have we seen men of the world smile, shrug their shoulders, heard them mutter the words "Folly! madness! superstition!" when informed that the Carthusian monk digs his own grave, little imagining that they themselves were daily performing the same lugubrious task; not with mattock and spade—they would have scorned such vulgar implements—but with their own fierce passions, which delve the pit as rapidly, though perhaps not quite as silently, as the final resting place of the poor recluse.

The wily diplomat had been accustomed to deal with ministers, to watch the smiles and frowns of kings; but there was one monarch whose wiles he had never studied—Death; and the grim, ghastly shadow came upon him unprepared.

He knew that he was dying, and, much as he dreaded to stand before the Judgment seat, one feeling sustained him; the consciousness of supposed wrong, and the wild triumph of revenge.

Two persons watched day and night by his bedside—his brother John, and the evil genius of his life, Elizabeth Berrington. It was not affection that chained them there, but interest. Each feared the influence of the other, trembled lest the wealth of the dying man should escape them.

"No," replied the husband of Clara fiercely, in reply to their affectionate suggestions that he should make his will. "I tell you, no; not till I have seen her—crushed her!"

"I tremble for the interview," observed his sister. "The agitation will be too much for you. Had you not better postpone it?"

"No."

"It is unwise."

"No matter."

"Most unbusinesslike," added her brother. "The lawyer has already drawn it out."

"Drawn it out?" repeated Edward satirically. "By whose direction?"

"Mine."

"Indeed!"

"Leaving blanks, of course for the names," added the man of business. "I trust you do not suspect me of any wish to influence——"

"Listen to me," said the dying man. "Not a guinea, not a shilling of my wealth shall either of you inherit unless you follow my direction implicitly. Fail in one point, and I will disappoint you hopes."

"Hopes!" repeated simultaneously John and Elizabeth Berrington in a deprecating tone. "How can you judge us so uncharitably?"

The diplomat laughed bitterly.

"Wrong our affection so unjustly?"

It was because he had judged them that the Hon. Edward Berrington obstinately refused to make his will till his instructions had been fully carried out. He estimated their profession at their true value, and was not to be cajoled by empty words and hollow expressions of affection. The approach of death has sometimes a wonderful effect in clearing the understanding.

His directions—and some of them to his brother appeared unreasonable and fantastical—were carried out to the letter. Elizabeth, probably, better understood them, for she had been, not only a witness of his life, but an active agent in his errors and passions.

The day of the important interview arrived at last, and the husband of Clara insisted, despite the remonstrances of his physician, on being dressed and removed to the drawing-room.

"I must have my way," he replied, "this once. I know it will be for the last time. Do as you please with me to-morrow."

During the operations of dressing and the removal from the bedroom, the man of iron will fainted twice, and his affectionate relatives became seriously alarmed. Both suspected that his son still lived, and knew that in the event of his dying intestate their hopes would be disappointed.

"Do you think there is any immediate danger?" whispered the elder brother to the physician.

"Any sudden excitement may carry him off," replied Dr. A. in the same undertone. "Is the will executed yet?" he added.

"No."

The man of science shook his head disapprovingly. It was tempting Providence too far by such neglect, culpable neglect as he considered it, of worldly matters.

"Keep him up if you can till it is signed," said John Berrington.

The physician nodded intelligently.

A similiar conversation had taken place at the other end of the room between Elizabeth Berrington and Dr B.

Oh! money! money!

Although years of unkindness and cruelty had long since extinguished in the heart of Clara the affection and sympathies of a wife, it was not without deep emotion that she beheld the ravages disease had wrought in the appearance of her husband. No look of regret or sorrow met her gaze as she entered the drawing room supported by Dr. Bray and her venerable friend Miss Gartha Bouchier who, despite her great age and infirmities, insisted on accompanying and sustaining her through the trying interview. On the contrary, his eyes remained fixed upon her with an expression of malignant satisfaction.

"At last," he murmured "at last."

Her friends had previously cautioned her to place no trust in any assertions he might make, for they had partially discovered his purpose.

"Welcome, Lady Eastcott," he said, "most welcome."

During the conversation that ensued, he appeared careful to address her by her title. Once, and once only, when the delusion was cleared from his jaundiced sight, did he venture to use the name of Clara.

"Edward," said the injured wife, "if my sincere and perfect forgiveness of the past can soothe your dying hour, accept it. My heart has no room for rancour now. I pardon you my blighted youth, my long years of suffering and sorrow, as freely as I trust myself one day to be forgiven."

"You are very generous," replied the dying man in an ironical tone.

"I am a Christian, Edward," said her ladyship, "and know how great a need the best of us have of mercy."

"Hypocrite," muttered the husband.

"Really, Lady Eastcott," observed Elizabeth Berrington speaking in cold and measured tones, "one might imagine, to hear you, that my brother was the great offender."

Clara regarded her in the calm pride of innocence, the consciousness of a heart that knows no wrong; but maintained a dignified silence.

"Was I not a mother?"

"Ah, yes. I believe that blow did reach you."

A low half-stifled laugh followed these bitter words.

"Edward," said his wife, sinking on her knees at the side of the couch, "do not die with a terrible secret unrevealed. My boy, my son—I feel that he still lives. Restore him to me: pity the yearnings of a mother's heart deprived, for years of her child's caresses, his love his duty. Condemn me not to an age of misery, confess what you have done with him; rend the veil or the fearful mystery which has so long shrouded his existence, have mercy, and I will bless you!"

"Well, Lady Eastcott," said her husband after a few moments consideration, "the mystery shall be solved, the heir of the barony and Wraycourt be restored to you. The recognition shall be formal, made in the presence of all the household. John," he added, whispering a few words to his brother, "it is time."

The great City banker bowed his head and quitted the room.

"Be firm," said Dr. Bray.

"Believe nothing you may hear," added Gartha Bouchier.

No wonder poor Clara felt bewildered.

In a few minutes, not only the servants from Wraycourt but the nurse and the woman Mary Hewitt, to whom the infant had been confided, were assembled in the drawing room. The old housekeeper no sooner recognised her mistress than she went and kissed her hand.

"Are all assembled?" demanded the diplomat.

"All but——"

"I understand," interrupted the dying man.

"Thank you, Elizabeth."

"Courage," repeated Dr. Bray.

"Give me the cordial," said Edward.

His sister filled the glass and held it to his lips. It appeared to add fresh life to his withered frame. The eyes of the dying man sparkled with more brightness, and what followed was uttered with subdued but concentrated passion.

"For reason I will hereafter explain;" said the diplomat in a firm tone. "I thought fit to cause the boy who is legally mine, the heir to Wraycourt and his mother's barony, the barony of Eastcott, to be removed from her care, to pass for dead, but I took every precaution to rescue his identity. Is his nurse present?"

The woman stepped forward.

"Yes—right; relate what took place."

"It was directed to take the child to London," said the female: "a more beautiful infant, a sweeter, better——"

"To the point, woman," interrupted her employer harshly; "we require no comments."

"I met Mr. Berrington;" continued the woman, "at the office of Mr. Lynx, and delivered my charge into his hands. I know no more."

"Can you swear to the child again?"

"Oh, yes, sir, amongst a thousand."

"By what means?"

"The mark upon his arms."

"I gave him to the care of Lynx's wife," continued the diplomat, "with whom he remained till it became necessary to attend to his education, when he was sent to one to train him as I wished he should be trained—a convicted felon, a Newmarket groom."

Clara uttered a faint cry and hid her face in her hands.

"He is not," continued the speaker ironically, "all that his fond mother's heart could wish, perhaps, but he is what I have made him."

"Mercy, Edward, mercy."

"Lady Elizabeth, behold your son."

The door opened, and the boy Dick, accompanied by the rascal who in Germany passed as his father, walked boldly into the room.

"In the convicted thief, the criminal publicly lashed at Schwiseberg I acknowledge the son of Lady Eastcott, her heir and mine. This is my revenge," he added.

"Then I am a young lord, after all," exclaimed the boy; "got a mad woman for a mother; not that I care for that, so the tin is all right."

As the terrible disclosure burst upon her in all its horrible reality, Clara became convulsed with shame, sorrow, and despair. Again the warning words were whispering in her ear. "Believe him not."

"Monster!" she exclaimed, "unnatural monster! What have I done to merit this outrage to my heart as a mother, this dishonor to my name."

"Dishonor for dishonor," replied her husband coolly.

"Mad," said the injured wife, "he must be mad. Who dare accuse me of forgetting even in thought my duty as a wife!"

"Does not your own conscience?"

"It is pure as snow."

"Liar!" shouted the dying man, hissing the word through his teeth with concentrated fury; "shameless wanton, brazen liar! Did I not watch your paramour on his nightly visit to Wraycourt. Had you not an interview with him on the 24th of August by contrivance of those who pandered to your guilt?"

"My lady!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "it was the night——"

"I know—I know," said the victim of calumny faintly. "Thank Heaven, the means to prove my innocence exist beyond a doubt"

"Can you deny the meeting!"

"Edward," said his wife gathering courage, "bitterly, wickedly as you have wronged me, I will not permit you to die with that delusion upon your soul. I did meet a gentlemen in the old chapel at Wraycourt on the night you name."

"You confess your dishonor, then!"

"My Lady——"

"Silence Page," said Lady Eastcott, interrupting the faithful housekeeper; "my own tongue shall vindicate my fame."

Edward Berrington smiled incredulously.

"Outraged by your sister, insulted by yourself, no one to protect me, I wrote to my father, and the kind old man, regardless of danger to himself, hastened to England. Alwyn Bouchier would have braved death a thousand times ere his child should be left unprotected. Unknown to all but the son of his oldest friend, Sir Ernest Alston—"

A deep groan from the dying man startled her as he pronounced the name.

"He remained concealed in the neighborhood. Page introduced him by passages known only to herself into the chapel."

"I did, my lady," said the housekeeper, "and grieved enough I was to see my old master visit his home like a fugutive, for if ever——"

A sound something between hysterics and a giggle interrupted her speech, and Jane the waiting maid of Elizabeth Berrington, fell upon her knees, muttering the words: "Forgive me! forgive me!"

"What mean you!"

"I watched in the chapel that very night; my mistress gave me ten pounds to do so in hope of obtaining evidence to ruin her sister in law,"

"False! false!" cried Elizabeth turning deathly pale.

"True, as I have a soul to be saved, replied the waiting maid. "I hope I am not too wicked to despair of pardon. The secret has long weighed upon my conscience and now I have made a clean breast of it"

Clara pressed her hand upon her heart to stay its throbbing on hearing this unexpected confirmation of her innocence. Something she had worn concealed for years, her father's dying gift, met her touch—the sealed packet.

Drawing it forth she gave it to Dr. Bray to open. The worthy man broke the seal, and read as follows;

"On the 24th of August 1817, I went privately to England to have an interview with my child. Sir Ernest Alston drove me to Wraycourt, and afterwards to meet the mail which carried me to London. Mrs. Berrington and myself met in the old family chapel, to which I was conducted by my old and faithful servant Mrs Page.

"I have frequently reflected on the interview, and fearing, should it ever become known, that misrepresentations might be made, have thought fit to have the record of it; and feeling that I have not many hours to live, I place it in the hands of the amiable pastor who attends me, with solemn injunctions to deliver it to my daughter with my last fond blessing and—and farewell."

The paper was signed Alwyn Bouchier, and dated the very day of his death.

"Why, dad," exclaimed the boy Dick, "what a jolly food you have been: but I forgive you, though you did cause me to have the lash."

The Hon. Edward motioned him back with an expression of intense disgust, then, with a sudden bound starting from the sofa, he fell grovelling at the feet of the wife he had so deeply injured, moaning the word, "Pardon pardon."

"My own wrongs I can forgive, but those of my"—she could not pronounce the word "son"—"never—never. You have killed me."

"Unhappy man," cried Miss Gurtha Bouchier, advancing to the side of her cousin, "victim of unfounded jealousy and evil passions, God has been more merciful to you than you were to your victims; the wrong may be in part atoned,"

Dr. Bray walked to the door, and returned accompanied by Mr. Quarl.

"What means this!" said John Berrington.

"It means," said the lawyer, "that the friends of Lady Eastcott watched over her son. That boy is an imposter"

"I'm a lord anyhow, old chap," exclaimed the young ruffian.

"Do not trifle with me," answered the dying man, "only convince me."

"My witness shall do that," replied Mr. Quarl. "Doubting the report of your son's death Dr. Bray and myself at the suggestion of our venerable friend Miss Bouchier succeeded in tracing the child whom we removed from the foul guardianship his father in madness has assigned him to, and replaced him by a child of similar age which was obtained from a female named Howson."

Elizabeth Berrington uttered a piercing scream, and fell senseless upon the floor

"I have since learned," continued the speaker; "that the boy is in reality the son of Lady Eastcott's sister-in-law, who has been through life her evil genius, She has been for years privately married to a Mr. Harcourt, a clerk of her late father."

"You have forfeited your legacy, Elizabeth," said John Berrington, raising his sister from the ground. "My wife was quite right when she refused to have you in the house with her."

"And now, Clara," said Miss Bouchier, "receive your real son. From the day I obtained possession of him he has resided with me, been educated under my own eyes, in heart and mind is worthy of your love. The confession of his guilty father was wanting to complete the evidence of his birth. Therefore this long concealment, fearing to raise false hopes."

A pleasing boy, the very image of his mother, ran into the room, and was instantly clasped in the arms of the delighted parent, who pressed him to her breast, covering him with kisses of transport and delight.

The guilty husband at this while remained grovelling at her feet in agony,

"God!" he murmured: "no pardon, no forgiveness. I am stricken."

Miss Bouchier took Lady Eastcott by the hand to lead her away.

"Stay one instant," said Clara. "I am unworthy of my happiness did I not feel pity for his sufferings. Edward, I forgive you."

"And my boy, my son—mine—mine."

The youth knelt and kissed him on the cheek.

"Thanks! thanks.

There was something fearful in the remorse and frantic grief of Elizabeth Berrington, who, when her son approached her, passionately repulsed him, calling him her infamy and disgrace.

"I am what they made me, mother," replied the lad sullenly.

Even the appeal failed to touch her heart and the guilty woman rushed from the room, half-maddened and desperate at the shame which had overwhelmed her.

At the request of Edward Berrington he was left alone with Mr. Quarl and Dr Bray; all else, including his brother, were excluded from his presence. To them he of his victim, Sir Ernest Alston revealed everything connected with the death

"Not for my sake, but for my wife and son's conceal it." he added. "Promise me."

The pledge was given, which it may be as well to add was never broken. Paul Lynx, the detective, when his passion cooled listened to the weighty arguments, backed as they were by a very simple observation of the lawyer.

"In case of murder." said Mr Quarl, "the law makes no distinction between the principal and the accessory aware of the crime before its perpetration."

"I did not know of it till afterwards," observed Lynx.

"Perhaps the judges may believe you, I trust they may, but in a case of such importance it is more than doubtful."

The detective was so convinced by this opinion that he not only accepted the compensation afforded for his imprisonment, but emigrated with his wife to America.

When the will of the Hon Edward Berrington was read, everything was found to be bequeathed to his deeply injured wife and son.

His sister, whose fortune her brother John pitilessly claimed, was left to the charity of Lady Eastcott

It did not fall her.

She and the lad Dick, were provided for on the condition of quitting England for ever.

Meanwhile, how did Tom Briarly succeed in his mission to France

CHAPTER LV.

HOW frequently do we find that men who have committed crimes and passed unscathed by human justice imagine vainly that Heaven has forgotten them, and, lulled into a blind security, deem that immunity will last for ever. Mr Beacham was one of these men; he had passed through life so securely, so unsuspected, so respected by those who only examined the outside of his character, that he not only looked upon detection as impossible, but almost forgot the gravity of his delinquencies.

Intensely selfish in his nature, he cared not who suffered so he could indulge in luxury. The neglect of his son, the wrongs of poor Lucy, weighed but lightly upon his soul, and if, in his elegant apartments on the Boulevards, a thought would occasionally remind him of their existence, he dismissed it with a cold cynical smile.

The world—that is to say, the human portion of it—he looked upon as composed of hawks and pigeons. The former he considered the nobler bird, and was pleased to be able to class himself amongst them.

Mr. James Beacham was seated at his well-furnished breakfast table reading the morning papers, when the door of the apartment was gently opened.

"Any letters, Alphonse!" he asked without looking up, believing that it was his servant whom he had sent to the porter's lodge.

"Not that I am aware of," was the reply It was not the voice of his valet that replied to him.

"Who are you, gentlemen!" he demanded angrily, addressing the two gentlemen who had entered the room unannounced. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit! Strangers generally send up their cards"

"I am no stranger," replied Tom Briarly, coolly taking a seat. "and this gentlemen whom you will recollect presently, is an old acquaintance"

Mr. Beacham regarded the colonel uneasily. It did not strike him at first who the person was his evil fortune had brought him face to face with.

"Indeed!"

Tom smiled when he thought of the fear and respect in which he had once held the man.

"I recollect you Mr. Briarly," added the speaker," and really am at a loss to find an excuse for the intrusion."

"Intrusion!" repealed the young man.

"How else would you designate it!" demanded Mr. Beacham in his blandest tone.

"As an act of charity," replied the lawyer, "of weak pity to a fallen man, whose only claim to my forbearance is that he is the father of my earliest friend."

"This is insolent!" exclaimed the perfect gentlemen, extending his hand towards the bell

"Beware how you ring it!"

There was something in the look more than the words that made the guilty man draw back his hand.

"It is the signal I have agreed on with the officer," added Tom.

"Officer!" repeated Mr, Beacham, turning very pale. "I do not understand you Permit me to add that I am not a mark for idle pleasantry; neither my years not character——"

"What! Leave character alone."

"What officer, I repeat!"

"The one who accompanied us from London. Banks the Bow street runner. You must have heard the name."

His questioner had heard it, and his heart beat violently; still he did not dream of the exact danger that threatened him, and sat glaring upon the speaker with looks in which rage and defiance were mingled.

"You forget strangely the difference in our positions," he muttered at last, "in the outrage upon my patience."

"I do indeed," replied Tom, with honest dignity. "I have condescended, from no consideration to yourself—let that point be plainly understood between us—to treat you as a gentlemen instead of felon, a miserable felon whom one word of mine can consign to an ignominious death. You perceive, Mr. Beacham, I am aware of the difference in our position although I have not hitherto made you feel it."

"What ridiculous charge is this!" faltered the culprit

"Before entering into details," replied Tom Briarly, firing his eyes upon him to mark the effect of his words, "allow me to introduce my client, Colonel Mortimer."

On hearing the name of the man whose confidence he had so cruelly abused, whom he believed to be dead, Mr Beacham sank back upon the sofa as if a blow had suddenly stunned him. His sin had found him.

"Mortimer," he faintly repeated.

"Aye, the man who trusted his child to your care, half his fortune to your honor. False friend and cruel guardian, what have you done with your charge!"

"It is impossible!" said Mr. Beacham, partly recovering his self possession "Did you not receive my letters! Foolish question! You must have received them, how else could you have replied to them. The certificate of Ellen's death."

"Was a forgery."

"No."

"It is useless to add lie to lie, subterfuge to subterfuge. The hour of deception has passed. The grave has given evidence against you"

The guilty man groaned in terror.

"Where is my child!"

"Pardon—pardon."

"Where is my child!" repeated the outraged father with frantic vehemence. "On that answer depends your dishonored life If you have tampered with her days, expect no forbearance at my hands; I will hunt you to the scaffold, or if human justice fails, inflict myself the penalty of your most infamous crime."

"She lives," exclaimed Mr. James Beacham, "upon my soul and honor!"

"Your what!" interrupted Mortimer with a bitter sneer.

"By my hopes of safety then," said the guilty man, "she lives! Mr. Briarly can answer for me; he knows her. Lucy—I named her for my own"

A triumphant smile lit the features of the young lawyer.

"I think you may believe him now, colonel." he observed. "The lady who passed as his daughter is still living I saw her not a week since, in health though in deepest sorrow. Her marriage proved a most unhappy one."

"Her marriage!"

"With the late Earl of Rislip."

"I have met her—seen her," exclaimed the old soldier, greatly agitated. "She is indeed all the heart of the fondest father could desire."

"I did not neglect my duty in her education," observed Mr. Beacham humbly, "and on my death, meant to restore her the fortune"

"Speak not of the miserable trust," interrupted the father of Lucy or, as we must henceforth call her, Ellen. "How have you trifled with her heart—her good name! You see the tale is known to me. Did Rislip know that she was legally his wife!"

"No: on my soul."

"But Eleonor Charlton did," observed Tom Briarly, who had his own suspicion of the source of Beacham's luxurious style of living, which had so greatly puzzled all who knew him and his means. "Don't take the trouble to lie," he added; "it must all come out, and the great wrong be righted."

"Eleanor Charlton did know it."

"I thought so."

"But not till after the marriage. It came like a thunder stroke upon her. She must have been severely punished in her pride."

"And purse, if I err not," observed the lawyer.

Mr. Beacham admitted that the lady had acted most liberally by him.

"It was the intention," he added, "to have done full justice upon my death to Lucy, whom I have never ceased to regard as my own child. My love for her——"

A look expressive of intense disgust froze the rest of the useless lie upon his lips.

"Mr. Beacham," said Tom Briarly, "I need not point out to you that the atonement you speak of must no longer be delayed."

"Certainly I will sign anything!"

"You must accompany us to England."

Now, this was the very thing Mr. Beacham had resolved not to do. Ignorant of the terrible powers they were armed with, and fondly believing that the law of extradition would not touch his case, he thought he might venture to resist.

"Impossible," he said; "at least at present."

"At once!" exclaimed the colonel impatiently.

"My God! has this man no pity, no feeling for the impatient longings of a father's love!"

"I must consult my legal adviser," said the guilty man coolly. "The only charge upon which the French government would give me up is that of murder, which you are aware, gentlemen, cannot for a single instant be entertained, as the lady lives."

"You have studied the law, I find," observed Tom.

"Yes," answered Mr. Beacham deliberately; "all my time has not been devoted to light and amusing reading"

"Had you pursued your studies a little more closely," continued the young lawyer in his quiet tone, "you would have discovered one other point to which the treaty between the two countries applies."

"Indeed!"

"A most important one."

"Forgery."

"Of that you have no proof."

"Not only the proof," replied Tom, "but the warrant. The certificate on whose authority you transferred the money and bank stock, as you well know. In fact so satisfied were the magistrates upon the point that they at once granted a warrant for your apprehension."

At the word "warrant" the courage of the wretched man began to fail him.

"Not only has it been backed by the signature of the ambassador of London, but the English government has instructed its representative to demand your extradition."

"Then I am lost."

"That depends" said Tom Briarly, who did not feel the slightest feeling of pity for his distress "on what degree of indulgence Colonel Mortimer may be disposed to show you. Your life is in his hands. You are a man of the world Mr. Beacham, and can calculate chances keenly. I thing you will find your only chance of safety lies in unconditional submission to his demands."

"Give me time to reflect—to decide."

"Not an hour"

"You are quite right, colonel, an hour would be unreasonable, but I think you may indulge him with five minutes," said the young lawyer, taking out his watch, "At the end of that time," he continued, "should he remain obstinate, I will ring the bell."

"Is it possible!" thought Mr. Beacham. "Can this be the boy who used to touch his cap so respectfully to me at Wraycourt!"

Tom read what was passing in his mind and could hardly repress a smile.

Before the time had expired, Mr. Beacham who had well considered his position, yielded at once to the suggestions of the lawyer, and placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the man he had so basely injured.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The fashion of ladies kissing each other by way of friendly salutation is all out of fashion now. When two ladies meet they touch each other's finger tips faintly murmur, "So glad!" smile as sweetly as woman can smile on each other, and pass on. There is no longer danger of their complexion being kissed off in spots.

Scientific and Useful

MUCILAGE.—A little oil of cloves poured into a bottle containing gum mucilage will prevent it from becoming sour.

POTASH.—Potash is an excellent fertilizer for the grape vine. Work in around the roots a few pecks of wood ashes. Cow dung contains a large portion of potash and but a comparatively small amount of nitrogen, consequently it is a better fertilizer than horse manure for the grape vine.

CONTAGION.—This is largely propagated by means of the clothing, and clothing is best disinfected by the heat. No form of contagion can withstand a dry heat of 220 degrees. The clothing should be placed in a box or a closet maintained at that temperature for perhaps an hour. Carbolic acid will not destroy the effect of vaccine virus but for the time being.

DIET FOR WALKING.—A famous pedestrian always prepared for his walks thus: He takes a small chop and some cream for breakfast. In two hours afterward a raw egg beaten up. His dinner consists of a sago pudding and a small quantity of very raw beef, without drink, and his supper of as much cocoa and bread and butter as he wishes. Each day he is allowed a quart of milk and occasional sips of ginger ale. He takes no alcoholic beverages whatever.

SODA FOR BURNS.—All kinds of burns including scalds and sunburns are almost immediately relieved by an application of solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles on the bottom.

HARD SOAP.—Pour four gallons of water boiling on four pounds of washing soda, and three pounds of unslacked lime; let it stand until clear and then drain off; place it on the fire in an iron pot; put in six pounds of good clean fat; boil two hours—stir most of the time; pour one gallon of cold water on the mixture of soda and lime that has been once used; let it settle clear, and add this cold solution to the boiling soap whenever it is in danger of boiling over; add only a pint or so at a time; try the soap by cooling a little in a saucer; about thirty minutes before removing from the fire, add four ounces of borax; wet a tub to prevent sticking; turn in the soap and let it stand until solid; cut into bars.

A SHORT HAND MACHINE.—A stenographic machine is now in use at Paris. It is worked by means of a key-board, and an alphabet of six elementary signs, from which are combined seventy-four phonetic letters. As fast as a person can speak the operator can print his words in those signs, which can be learned in a few months. It is suggested that blind people would make good operators, from the acute sense of hearing which they commonly possess. The stenographic machine, the maker of which we have been unable to discover, is adapted to any language; and if the words are spoken with deliberation, the operator can record them, although they may be to him in an unknown tongue.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—Weeds on gravel walks may be destroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt.

FUCHSIAS.—If old fuchsias are cut down they will send out fresh shoots; but if you desire to keep them good cut off the old branches and pinch in the new ones.

HELIOTROPES.—Heliotropes need moisture and heat to strike root, but potted in a sandy soil, with a glass tumbler placed over them, they will root quickly in any summer month.

HOGS AND WATER.—Hogs require free access to water in the summer time. If they can have a place to wallow in, it is beneficial to them, as it cools and cleanses the skin. Mud is no filth: it is a good disinfectant and healthful. Sometimes mud baths have been found useful as medical treatment for sick people.

SUGAR.—As a matter of economy, use white rather than brown sugar, as it contains a greater amount of saccharine matter. Another reason is that the refining process relieves it of a little insect which is very like the itch insect, and which is in all brown sugar. All common candies are made from brown sugar.

HORSE SHOES.—One of the most prolific causes of contracted heels in horses is allowing their shoes to remain on too long. It is seldom we hear of horses having contracted heels when worked every day. Few persons are aware of the importance of removing a horse's shoes, which should be done at least every month or six weeks. It is too often the custom to allow the shoes, after having once been placed, to remain till worn out before removing them.

GARDEN SEEDS.—In purchasing seeds for the garden it should be borne in mind that a certain amount is necessary to produce a maximum crop. One ounce of seed will produce, 1,000 asparagus plants, 3,000 cabbage, 4,000 celery, 2,000 egg plant, 3,000 Kohl Rabi, 3,000 lettuce, 2,000 peppers, 2,000 tomatoes, 500 rhubarb and 3,000 chicory. One ounce of the seeds named will be sufficient for the number of feet of drill following: carrot, 150 feet; onion, 100; parsley, 150; parsnip, 200; radish, 100; ruta baga, 200; spinach, 200.

CATERPILLARS.—The tent caterpillars can be readily destroyed, if, when they are first seen to form the web, you ascend the tree to where they are located, either after sundown or early in the morning, and with an old glove on your hand just roll them in their web and squeeze them. If there are any of these nests on the ends of small twigs which trouble you to reach, tie a cotton rag to the end of a long stick, saturate it with kerosene oil and set it on fire; apply this to the web and sure destruction is the result, and without injury to the tree.

FRUIT TREES.—No fruit grower needs telling that young fruit trees like the ground shaded. The best way to shade is what growers differ about. Many grow crops through their orchards and truckers grow vegetables through theirs. It does not matter in what shape the shading comes, so that it does not rob the trees of nourishment. The coolness afforded the ground by growing crops is just what fruit trees like. Many bring about the same result by mulching the ground, and where the land is too poor to sustain both a crop and the trees, this is the best plan.

New Publications

From the American Book Exchange, New York, we have received volumes 7, 8, and 9 of their Library of Universal Knowledge. Everybody in the land should have a set of this magnificent work, which is complete in fifteen volumes; price, one dollar per volume. The same firm have also sent us "Carlyle's "French Revolution," and Vol. I of Grote's "History of Greece." These are standard works, and need no commendation. The only novelty is their low price, which is 50 cents per volume.

"The Earl of Mayfield," issued by T. B. Peterson & Bros., has achieved great popularity, seven editions of the book having been exhausted, and the eighth, revised by the author, is now ready. The nobleman whose title gives name to the work, is a private in the Confederate cavalry, with many noble and attractive qualities, and the manner in which he discovers his noble birth, and woos the loveliest of heroines, Mary Stuart, at length attaining his inheritance, to the surprise of his young bride, we leave for the perusal of the reader, assured that he or she will not consider their time ill spent, as the interest is sustained unflagging to the closing chapter. Price, 75 cents.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just published a remarkable book, which will create a great sensation, being no less than a continuation of, and sequel to the great Paris realistic novel of Nana, by Emile Zola. It is entitled "Nana's Daughter."

"The Story of Ireland," by Dion Boucicault, is a brief but powerful exhibit of leading events of Irish history, as compiled from the works of such authors as Swift, Burke, Macauley, Froude, O'Connor, and others. It is a neatly-printed 24-page pamphlet, published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Our Little Ones has reached its eighth number, and promises to live to a good old age. In the matter of illustrations it is fully up with the juvenile magazines intended for a more matured class of readers, and the stories are peculiarly well adapted for children who cannot yet grasp all the big words in the language. Lathrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

GREAT SCHOLARS.—That nearly all great scholars are proud, vain and insolent, is an established fact. Joseph Justus Scaliger was a remarkable scholar, but he treated his companions with contempt, and unjustly criticised the works of the authors of his day. Scarcely ever did he give any one a civil word. You can see what opinion he had of himself by the following remark which he made. Said he: "Endeavor to collect your best ideas of what Xenophon and Plato were, and your portrait will have some, though imperfect, resemblance of me." He decried all men; in vain do we look for any eulogies in his writings, except upon himself.

Jerome Cardan was a noted scholar and a man of much perseverance and industry, but he held a high opinion of himself. Said he: "I am followed not only by single persons, but by nations." This style of speaking of himself appears often in his writings. His motto was, "Time is my estate."

Cotton Mather had over his study the words, "Be short."

You may name the men of modern times, but in each you will find this high opinion of themselves.

Read the writings of Thomas Moore. In his diary it is I. "Walked along the Strand; everybody looked at me."

Macaulay was endowed with an enormous sense of self-importance. He says:

"I like my factory speech amazingly."

In his diary we read:

"Wrote my lines to Miss Stanhope; and pretty lines they are."

Alexander Pope thought he was one of the pivots upon which the world turned. Victor Hugo is known all over Europe for his colossal egotism.

Tennyson thinks a deal of his own works. Thomas Benton was vain. Brougham winced under a newspaper criticism.

Jeffrey, Campbell, and Lord Byron were vain. Byron said Socrates, Aristotle, and Galen were full of ostentation.

It is plainly seen from their writings that Seneca, Pliny and Cicero were full of vanity.

Cooper, the novelist, was vain in a disagreeable way. His vanity made him appear rude and ungentlemanly in society, and he gave great offense when visiting in England by returning what was intended as compliments. On one occasion he was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by Sir James Mackintosh, who, in presenting him, said, in a pleasant way:

"Mr. Cooper, allow me to introduce you to your great forefather in the art of fiction."

"Sir," said Cooper, with great asperity, "I have no forefather."

Everybody felt uncomfortable, and Cooper failed to regain the good opinion of the company, which he had lost by his decidedly vain speech.

Steamboat—A machine invented for the express purpose of checking the too rapid growth of population, by scalding to death two or three thousand people annually.

Those of our readers who have not already written for a cake of the Frank Siddalls Soap to be sent them by mail, should not allow another day to go by without attending to it.

The Soap is one of the most startling discoveries of modern times, and is destined to effect a complete revolution in washing clothes.

This Paper is not interested in the success of the Soap except that its use will benefit every housekeeper who will put aside all little prejudices, and give one honest trial to the new easy way of washing.

That every reader of the Post can try one time for themselves what a most startling invention has been made, a regular 10-cent cake of the Soap will be sent them by mail postage prepaid if the promise is sent that it will be used exactly according to directions, although the postage alone is 15 cts.

Humorous.

Growing evils—Weeds.

Costly bric-a-brac—Family jars.

Underground work—An earthquake.

Apple Jack is said to be first cousin to Jim Jams.

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather stick together.

The household who keeps a baby can afford to sell the alarm-clock very cheap.

Don't judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

A dentist moved out, and a barber moved in. The new occupant did not take down the sign, "Gas administered here."

Just now the papers are greatly agitated as to what shall be done with the ex-Presidents. How would it do to pickle them?

"What's your name?" "Susie," "Have you any sisters?" "No," "Any brothers?" "Two," "What do they do?" "Oh, they just fight."

Johnny, who has been soaked by the rain the day before: "I told you the rain would make me grow—these clothes are too small for me."

A pedlar being asked by a spindle-shanked wag if he had any overalls, replied, "No, but I've got a pair of candle-moulds that will just fit you."

If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money spent foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

A knowledge of Greek and Latin is a great thing in the cure of elaborate and high-priced diseases, but a poultice is the best thing for a blind boil.

This is his first season on a farm, and he has planted ten acres with old tomato-cans. He expects the ground will produce a heavy crop of canned tomatoes.

If a young man has black hair and a pimple on his nose, how long will it take him to win the heart of his lady fair, supposing him to be addicted to stuttering.

After O Connell had obtained the acquittal of a horse-stealer, the thief, in the ecstacy of his gratitude, cried out, "Och! sir, I have no way to thank your honor, but I'd like to see you knocked down in my own parish; ah! wouldn't I bring a crowd to help you!"

An up town swell, whose solvency is not so irreproachable as is his linen, has a dozen tailors at least, although the number of his payments is not large. Some one asked why he had so many. "You see, I don't like," he says, "to have the loss all fall on one."

In a tale, published some years since, is a description of "the first kiss," in the following sensational style: "Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes, she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, the earth went from under my feet, my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars.

When is a thief not a thief? When he's a robbing (a robin.) When is a man not a man? When he's a shaving. When is a man like a wooden box? When he's a coughing (a coffin.) When is a sailor not a sailor? When he's a board. When is a ship not a ship? When it's a shore. Why will not the aristocracy take Epsom salts? Because they're for working people.

The Reason Why.

The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it cures without fail. Constipation and piles readily yield to its cathartic and healing power. Put up in dry vegetable form or liquid (very concentrated) either act prompt and sure.—Troy Budget.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

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☞ As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time to July 1st.

The New Premiums.

Our Diamante Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wan every reader to have at least one of them! In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an extensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1881.

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YESTERDAY.

"WHAT do you think of yesterday?" If you put this question to ten different persons, nine of the ten will take you up on the weather—that most tame of all topics of conversation. Should the present happen to be a wet day, yesterday is sure of coming in for a thousand compliments. And yesterday is gone!

Is yesterday no more worth thinking of than as its weather affects us? A day lost is like a life lost; a thing of whose value we are ignorant, and which we can never recall. We have no power over the past. Let it once slip through our fingers, and it is useless to us for ever. It cannot even be classed among the things that were, for it has left no token behind it of its ever having existed. It has stolen upon us, and stolen away from us. It has left no handwriting upon the wall. The pleasures or the pains that it brought with it have been swallowed up in the struggle to get, as fast as possible, to the future. A few more yesterdays, and we can give no account of them.

And so this is the kind in which mankind dawdle away existence! Forever complaining of the shortness of life—vexed that they cannot add a few more years to their fleeting existence, now hurrying to and fro not to lose an instant, and yet, in the main, actually tiring themselves in planning how they may kill their time, how they can destroy the present hour as an enemy to their happiness; and then, after accomplishing their purpose, falling back on their lamentations of the briefness of the little space of time allotted to them. What inconsistent beings we are! Never contented, always something to harass us! Slow to learn that the passing minutes are all that we can call our own!

Yesterday comprises much in its little sound. It is indeed the present when well applied, but the past when misused. It is something that we may even yet grapple with. Though severed from the chain of human existence, it may still be turned to some account. It ought to be a question of serious import with every man, What did I learn yesterday? Or what did I do for my own welfare or for the welfare of others? Let us try to say something more for ourselves and our fellow creatures, than that "all our yesterdays have only lighted fools the way to dusty death." When we can say nothing better of them, we have "lived long enough!"

SANCTUM CHAT.

SIX trained horses on exhibition in San Francisco are remarkable for having been taught by kindly means. In proof of this the trainer uses no whip in making them do their tricks, and they will readily obey a stranger. The general belief of trainers of beasts is that they can only be controled through fear.

—

A BILL before the Massachusetts Legislature, providing that "any court of record shall have authority to exclude minors as spectators from the court-room during the trial of any cause, civil or criminal, when their presence is not necessary as witnesses or parties," is supported by several noted ministers, and other prominent citizens of the State.

—

THE lately wedded Crown-Princess of Austria, has not such a regal air as her mother-in-law, but she is exceedingly pretty. Of all her bridal gifts she is said to have been most pleased with the offerings of a deputation of peasant girls—a spinning-wheel, a wash-tub, a wooden platter laden with butter and lard, a honey cake, and a holiday shawl in white and gold.

—

AMONG the figures in the cotillon danced at the German Ambassador's ball in Vienna, lately, was one in which the ladies threw golden balls and the gentlemen caught them with their feet; and in another in which each gentleman twirled a moveable hand attached to a sign post until it pointed to the lady with whom he wished to dance.

—

A COLORADO judge recently cleared a desperado who had committed a foul murder, but the crowd hanged the rascal from the Court House window, and told the judge the next time he let a murderer go they would hang him. Thereupon His Honor promptly sentenced three other murderers to be hung.

—

IN BERNE, the capital of the Swiss Confederation, there are one hundred and fifty distilleries, and the consumption of spirits alone amount annually to thirteen and a quarter gallons to each adult. In Geneva there are consumed each year fifty-five gallons of fermented liquors to every man, woman and child. The average yearly expenditure for intoxicants amounts to about $30 per capita of the population.

—

REFERRING to the petition against the opium traffic with China which was recently opened, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Spurgeon, the famous minister, said that in his opinion, one of the greatest crimes which England continued to commit was the carrying on of the opium traffic. That a nation should set up a grog shop to pay its taxes was bad enough, but it was even worse to carry on a traffic in opium to pay the taxes of the people of India. In China, Englishmen went with opium in one hand and the Bible in the other.

—

THE nomenclature of future discoveries by the United States Coast Survey is not, as heretofore, to be left to chance, or to the self-glorifying pride of the explorers. The Secretary of the Navy has ordered that no naval officer is to change the name or give a name to any island, cape, rock, shoal, or other natural object on the coast, without referring the matter in official form to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, who will give it due consideration, and endeavor to do justice to all persons concerned.

—

THE abolition of primogeniture has had the greatest effect, within the present century, in emptying the chateaux and castles in France. Fortunes have so often been divided down, that there are fewer great incomes than there were among the French aristocracy. It thus happens that a French nobleman who inhabits a chateau may only have furnished one nook of it, and his roomy stables may have only one or two horses at the stalls. To withstand the effects of the abolition of primogeniture, many French families agree to enjoy their revenue in common. But full chateaux, with several generations of relatives in them, even under the methodical life of Frenchmen, may not be permanently successful.

—

A PROMINENT public man of Chicago, has delivered the following seasonable discourse on ice water: "I beg to say to all my fellow citizens that a general reform in drinking ice water would, in my judgment, confer a benefit upon the public. The constant and immoderate use of ice water has become one of the most active causes of disease all over the United States. There can be no doubt that it produces our National disease, dyspepsia, in its most aggravated forms, and you can scarcely look over the death-list in our papers that you will not see a notice of some one dying of diabetes, Bright's disease, or some other kidney complaint. In most cases, you may rely upon it, ice water is the remote, if not the active, cause of all this trouble. If one should express the opinion that ice water is now the source of more disease among our leading business and public men than whiskey, a wide induction of facts would doubtless show him not so far from right. Sad experience as well as extensive observation and inquiry have convinced me of the truth of this assertion."

—

THE London gossips have revived some talk about the marriage of the Princess Beatrice again. The lucky young man, it seems, is Lord Rowton, who, in addition to taking the Queen's private secretaryship, is also to take the hand of the Queen's youngest daughter. A London paper says in this curious land of anomalies, a land of the oldest castes and the most perpetually rejuvenated peerage, the spectacle would be startling of a gentleman beginning life as a once unknown politician's letter writer, and ending it as the son-in-law of the Queen of the most powerful nation in the world. Strange things have happened; however, and Baron Rowton has waited for a wife so long that when he does throw the handkerchief, society is certain to expect a stroke in imitation of his master, the late Lord Beaconsfield.

—

WHEREVER the experiment of giving women an equal chance with men in educational institutions has been tried we believe it has been attended with gratifying success. Three years ago women were admitted to instruction in that most conservative of institutions, King's College, London, and 600 female students have since that time studied Biblical and Church history there, in the ancient and modern languages, higher mathematics, secular history, and logic and political economy. It is true that this instruction has not been given in the college itself, but at Kensington; but it has been by the regular professors of the college, and so conspicuous has been the success of the experiment that it is now proposed to incorporate the female school as a regular and authorized branch of the parent institution, with all the privileges and security which such permanence will give.

—

IT is significent of the charge which is passing over the European conceptions of life and morality that at the present moment nearly every Legislature in Europe is more or less preoccupied with the marriage question. In Hungary they have just legalized the marriage of Jews and Christains, and are discussing the introduction of obligatory civil marriage. In Denmark they have been discussing the re-marriage of divorced persons. In Spain the Ministry is busied about the re-establishment of civil marriages. A bill for legalizing divorce was defeated a short time ago by the French Chamber, which is now called upon to deal with proposals legalizing the marriage of brother-in-law with their sister-in-law and the marriage of priests. In Italy the divorce question has been brought before the Legislature by a proposal to sanction divorce when either the husband or the wife has been condemned to penal servitude for life; and to convert a legal separation into a divorce when three years, in the case of childless marriages, or five years, if there are children, have elapsed without a reconciliation after the judgment of separation was pronounced. By this proposal every separation of body would ripen into a divorce by lapse of time.

REQUIREMENT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We live by faith; but faith is not the slave
  Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
  Nature's and duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children save
  Justice, and mercy, and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
  Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
  No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
  But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise—
  A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,
  Fast rooted in the faith that God is good.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN" "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE" ETC., ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. (CONTINUED.)

"BEFORE we go back into the ball-room," she said, "I want to speak to you, only a few words. You must not think me strange, you must remember you saved my life, and therefore you can never be to me quite like other men. You understand that?"

"Yes, I understand," he replied, his whole soul in a tumult of gladness.

"I want," she continued, "because of this deep gratitude of mine, to say a few words to you, and after that we can be friends, I hope, always."

"Your are too good to me," he said, with a deep sigh.

"I want to say that Mr. Bardon and I have been talking about you, and that he has told me all the particulars of his first meeting with you."

Captain Osburn thought that the stately girl before him knew the whole truth about his birth.

"Did he tell you? I am glad of that," he said. "I should have told you myself."

"Would you?" she asked her face brightening. "Would you have trusted me?"

"Most certainly. And now that you know my history, what have you to say to me?"

"I have but this to say"—raising her face—"that I admire and sympathise with you."

He dropped upon one knee with the grace and gallantry of one of the knights of old. He took her white hand and kissed it.

"Heaven bless you!" he cried. "You are the noblest woman I have ever met!"

Each was innocently misleading the other. She was alluding to the falsehood that John Bardon had told her of his having given up wealth and title for his mother's sake, and he thought that she was referring to the story of his birth.

He rose, and said with some emotion—

"I hardly dared to hope for your sympathy; they told me that you were so proud."

"Proud?" she repeated. "What has pride to do with it? Do you think I am too proud to recognize nobility of character?" And those words misled him still further.

"You have made me very happy," he answered. "I never thought I could be so happy, Lady Iris. I shall remember your goodness to me as long as I live." His face quivered with emotion and his lips trembled.

"Do you think of staying long at Hyne Court?" she asked.

"I have not decided. Mr. Bardon and Lady Avice wish me to stay."

"Why not do so?" she said, unconscious how much sweet persuasion there was in her voice.

"Do you really——I mean—pray excuse me, Lady Iris, I seem to have lost all power of speech, would you advise me to stay?"

"The scenery in the neighborhood is very beautiful," she said, and the country is lovely just now."

"I am presumptuous, I know"—and he drew near to her with a flush of his dark face—"presumptuous and daring; but let me ask you, do you feel any interest in the matter of whether I go or stay?"

"How can you put that question to me—to me, whose life you have saved?" she replied.

"Never mind that—forget that. Lady Iris. I do not wish to owe anything to your gratitude. You must know that I would have done the same for any other lady. Tell me if for my own sake you take an interest in the matter of whether I go or stay."

Her heart beat at the sound of the words. She looked at him proudly with shy happy eyes.

"I should prefer you to remain, if I must say what I think, Captain Osburn," she replied.

And before he had time to speak the conservatory was filled with dancers in search of rest and fresh air. There was no opportunity for another.

* * * * * *

Later on in the evening John Bardon found himself by the side of the proud young beauty who had rejected him with such hot indignation and undisguised scorn.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself this evening, Lady Iris," he said. "My wife ought to be very proud that she has succeeded in amusing you."

"I am not difficult to amuse, as a rule," she told him.

"No; but I have never seen you so radiant and happy as you are to night. You remind me of sunshine and everything else that is bright."

She laughed at the florid compliment.

"I want you, Lady Iris," he went on, "to remember this night."

"I shall be sure to remember it, Mr Bardon," she replied. "I have seldom been so happy, and have hardly ever enjoyed myself so much."

"I have a reason for asking you not to forget it," he said. "The time will come when I shall remind you of it."

"I shall be pleased to be reminded of anything one half so pleasant," she interrupted.

"You have given me some very pleasant evenings at Chandos, and I am glad to repay you," he said.

There was something so peculiar in his voice that she turned to look at him. He was very pale, and there was a wild look in his eyes. It struck her that there was something strange about him; but then he had never been quite like any one else. Any idea of the reality, that he was revenging himself on her and betraying his friend, never occurred to her.

"I am sorry we have to leave early," she said; "but we are a large party, and it is a long way to Chandos."

"Yes, it is a long drive," he replied; and she saw that he was not thinking of the words he was uttering. "I will give you a token by which to remember this evening," he added, laying something in her hand as he turned away abruptly.

When she looked at it, it was a broken, withered spray of almond blossoms.

"He has partaken of too much wine," she said to herself with a smile of contempt as the faded blossom fell to the ground; and she thought no more of it.

CHAPTER XIX.

"LADY IRIS, are you really going?" asked Allan Osburn. "It is not very late. I thought you would remain for another hour at least. I seem hardly to have spoken to you."

"And yet we have spent so much time in talking," she returned. "I am afraid that my remarks have not made any great impression on you, Captain Osburn."

"I shall never forget them," he said, "while I live. Is it true that your carriage is waiting?"

"Yes," she replied, glad at heart that he would miss her, and yet grieved at parting from him.

"You will let me see you to it?" he said.

She did not answer, but laid her hand upon his arm, silently giving him the preference before all others. He drew her white fleecy shawl round her shoulders and escorted her to the carriage, standing bareheaded under the light of the stars, his dark hands never face bent over her.

"If I could choose a fairy's gift, Lady Iris," he said, "do you know what it would be?"

"No, I cannot guess," she replied, but knowing well in her own mind that it was something concerning herself.

"It would be the privilege of driving home with you. And that reminds me that I should much like to see Chandos. I am told that there are some of the finest pictures in the country there. Is it true?"

"We have a few by the old masters."

"I should like to see them, Lady Iris. I hear that you have a very fine portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. I should like to see that."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to show you the pictures and everything else that is likely to interest you," she replied.

"I should be most happy also to see Lord Caledon. If I ride over to-morrow morning, shall I be fortunate enough, do you think, to find him at home?"

"Yes; he seldom goes out before noon," answered Lady Iris; "and I am sure that he will be pleased to see you."

"May I venture to ask another question?" he continued.

"Ask what you will," she replied, with a smile.

"But this is a terrible question. You may frown at me, and if you do, I shall be one of the most miserable men in the world."

"I shall not frown, I promise you," said Lady Iris—"indeed I scarcely ever frown."

"You were good enough to say the Earl would be pleased to see me. Dare I ask if some one else will be pleased too?"

"I do not know, Captain Osburn. Whom do you mean by some one else? But here comes Lady Forsyth—we must go. Those last few minutes of hers have been very long ones."

"They have been pleasantly spent," he said, laughing. Then, bending his head nearer to her, he added, "Lady Iris, listen to me for a moment. How presumptuous I am! But you must punish me afterwards. Do not turn your face away, but listen for one moment. This has been the happiest evening of my life—I have never known anything like it. It has been like a glimpse of Paradise to me. Whether I shall ever be so happy again only Heaven knows. Will you give me one of those lilies-of-the-valley in your hand? Just one, as a memento of the happiest night I have ever known."

Take one of the lilies from her bouquet, she said—

"It is not dead yet."

"No," he replied. "How could it die when it has been in your possession? Now touch it once with your lips."

To her own great surprise, she did so—held it to her lips, kissed it, and gave it to him. When she came to think of her conduct afterwards, she could not help feeling astonished at what she had done. If any other man had asked her to do such a thing, she would have resented it with indignation.

His face flushed with delight.

"How kind you are!" he cried. "Of all the favors you have granted me, this is the greatest. These lily-bells shall be buried with me!"

She tried to smile, but the passion in his voice had touched her. Once more he bent over her.

"Make me quite happy, Lady Iris by completing your good work. Say before you go that some one else will be pleased to see me at Chandos to-morrow."

"If you mean me," she answered—"yes, I shall be glad also."

"I am overwhelmed by your kindness," he said, bowing. "I will ask nothing more."

During the long drive home Captain Osburn's words were ringing in Lady Iris's ears, and she thought of the lines in the poem—

"The curse is come upon me!' cried
  The Lady of Shalott."

If it were not a curse, something at least had fallen upon her which she could not understand.

Lord Caledon was waiting for the party. As a rule, Lady Iris had plenty to tell her father regarding such gatherings at which he was unable to be present with her; but to night she was unusually quiet. Every one else had something to tell, but she sat with a quiet smile, saying nothing.

Lord Caledon noticed her silence, and, turning to her, said—

"You have not enjoyed yourself, Iris, I see; you have not a word to say about the ball."

"I have never enjoyed anything in my life one half so much!" she replied.

When they were alone, she went to him as usual, knelt down by his side, and put her arms round his neck. But the beautiful face was not as usual raised with bright smiles to his; it was hidden on his breast to hide the hot flush.

"Papa," she began with some little hesitation, "there were some very nice people at the Court to-night."

He could not help noticing her confusion, and he remarked to himself that it was the first time he had ever seen her discomposed. She had often come to him to tell him of offers of marriage that she had received and rejected, but she had never hidden her face from him before.

"There were visitors from all the country round," she went on, not quite seeing how she could come to her point, which was to tell him of Captain Osburn's visit on the morrow. "Lady Avice has quite a nice party with her, and amongst them a soldier—I like soldiers, papa—a Captain Osburn."

Her breath came in gasps, and her lips trembled so much that she could hardly articulate the name; but she flattered herself that her father could not know it as her face was hidden.

"He was very kind to me," she continued; "and the Bardons like him very much. He said, papa, that he should much like to come and see you."

"Did he, Iris?" said the Earl, with uncontroled amusement. "It was very kind of him, and not at all surprising."

"Papa," cried the girl, "you are laughing at me! I will never forgive you if you continue to do so—never!"

"My dear Iris, how can I help it when you hide your face from me like a child who has been naughty and is ashamed to look up? Look at me and tell me all about this Captain of yours."

"He is not mine," she replied; "but he is quite unlike other men. You will see that for yourself to-morrow."

"But who is he?" asked the Earl. "I know many Osburns. To which family does he belong?"

"He is one of the Osburns of Sketchley," she said; "and he is quite a hero, papa. I do not know the particulars of a great sacrifice he has made—Mr. Bardon does—but he has done that which proves him to be one of the noblest of men."

As she went on talking artlessly, laying bare to the experienced man of the world the fact that she had irretrievably lost her heart, the Earl smiled to himself. Then the proud young beauty who had laughed at love and lovers had met her fate! Well, he hoped her love would prosper; he would never interfere. He would be satisfied if his daughter's lover was a gentleman and descended from a good family. Captain Osburn appeared to be such a one; therefore he should have no objection to him, and she should be happy in her own way.

"When is your new acquaintance coming?"

"To-morrow morning, papa," she replied.

"He wishes to see the pictures, you tell me? Well, we must show them to him; it will make a morning pass very pleasantly to us."

"Papa," she continued, "I must tell you of a strange coincidence. You know how much I have always admired that painting of Sir Lancelot in the library?"

"Yes; I know it is a favorite of yours Iris," he said.

"Well, Captain Osburn is so much like it that he might have been the model from which it is painted."

"Then he must be a very handsome man," said the Earl quietly. "I have never seen a finer face than the one in the painting."

"He is handsome; but there is something in his face better than beauty—a kind of innate nobility."

The Earl smiled, and then sighed It was evident that his proud daughter had met her fate.

"I shall be very pleased to see this Sir Lancelot, Iris," he said; and she laughed aloud.

"That name just suits him, papa; he looks like a Sir Lancelot. His name is Allan; I heard Mr. Bardon call him so."

Suddenly the incident of the broken spray of almond blossoms returned to her mind; and she said no more about John Bardon.

When father and daughter parted for the night, they were both occupied with the same thoughts. The Earl was half sorry, half amused.

"She will take the fever badly," he mused; "the Faynes always do. Who suffered more than I? But she shall not suffer if I can help it."

Hour after hour that night the Earl paced up and down his room; he could not rest for thinking of this great event in the life of his daughter; and, when, in the early morning, he fell asleep, the picture of a woman with a fair face and golden hair lay upon his breast, and round the portrait were these words—"He prayeth best who loveth best," while Lady Iris laid her head upon her pillow, saying to herself that her knight would be with her on the morrow. She looked no farther.

CHAPTER XX.

THE birds awoke Lady Iris with their singing; and when she opened her eyes the room was flooded with sunshine. Oh, happy day! Well might it be so bright and beautiful, since it was to bring the cherished subject of her thoughts.

When she went out into the grounds, all nature seemed to be rejoicing with her. She decided to go for a ramble, and on her return she saw him riding through the lime-grove, and her heart went out to him with a bound of happiness.

As she stood watching both horse and rider, she could not help comparing him to Sir Lancelot. The lines came to her forcibly as Captain Osburn rode from between the limes—

"He rode between the barley-sheaves;
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot."

She felt herself compelled to repeat the lines; and then she laughed at her folly.

"I shall call him 'Sir Lancelot' until I forget his identity," she said to herself, and then she stood for a few minutes, undecided as to where she would receive him.

If she could have followed her own impulse, she would have hastened to the hall door; but that would never do; the mistress of Chandos must maintain her dignity. She thought she would go to the drawing-room; but it seemed so stiff and formal to receive him there. If she waited where she was, that would seem a cold way of greeting him. She returned to the house, and as she entered the hall she met him.

She knew well what a fair picture she formed with the light from the stained-glass windows falling full upon her face and golden hair, and on her white morning-dress; but she little knew how much was revealed by the dainty flush and the brilliant eyes. She held out her hand to him—the hand she had so proudly refrained from giving to John Bardon when he first visited her.

"Welcome to Chandos!" she said warmly; and the color in her face deepened as he held her hand in a lingering clasp.

"Thank you, lady Iris," he replied with simple dignity.

She could not help thinking how thoroughly in keeping he looked with the grandeur and magnificence of the old hall as her eyes went from him to the armor and the faded banners. He looked far more like a knight of the olden time than a gentleman of the nineteenth century. She stood just under the archway over which the Fayne crest—the lion and the lily—was carved, and round which the old legend "Held with honor" ran. His eyes lingered on the words.

"Is that the motto of your family?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered proudly; "and I think it more beautiful than any other motto."

"I agree with you; it means so much," he said. "'Held with honor.' If I had to choose a motto, I would choose that."

He bowed low before this stately young representative of an ancient family; and then they went together to the library, where the Earl was reading his daily papers. She looked at Captain Osburn once with a great gladness in her eyes and face.

"Papa will be pleased to see you," she said. "We have had quite a long talk about you."

Then she opened the door and went before him into the library. At the first sight of him the Earl felt his heart warm to the young soldier. He received him most kindly, and thought that so far as appearances went his daughter had chosen well.

While Captain Osburn talked to the Earl, Lady Iris' eyes wandered from the living face to the painted one. The resemblance was certainly most striking. After a short time, the Earl said to him—

"My daughter will show you the pictures here, and I will go with you through the gallery."

She showed him a superb Madonna by Raphael one of Greuze's fairest faces, a landscape by Watteau, an angel bearing a lily by Fra Angelico; and then they came to the magnificent picture she loved so well.

"Now look at this, Captain Osburn," he said. "If you know what your own face is like—and most people do know such things I imagine—tell me, is not that resemblance perfect?"

He turned his laughing eyes from the portrait to her.

"I cannot help feeling pleased," he replied, "for that is a knightly face. You will laugh at the coincidence; but do you know that last evening, when I saw you in the beautiful dress of blue velvet and pearls, I said to myself that you were like a picture I had seen of Queen Guinevere. It was owing to the fashion of your dress and your fair hair."

The Earl, with his face bent over the morning newspaper, smiled quietly to himself.

"That is not amiss," he thought, "considering that this is but the second meeting."

"It is a fine picture," Captain Osburn went on. "I do not wonder you have given it the place of honor. The sun touches those barley-sheaves with gold, and one can fancy them stirring in the summer breeze."

"Soldiers have not much time for poetry, I should imagine," said Lady Iris, "but you are familiar no doubt with The Lady of Shalott?"

"Yes, I admire it," he replied. "Let me see, the last lines are these—

"'But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."'

And his eyes, lingering on the lovely face before him, said even more than his words.

The Earl rose and joined them.

"My daughter thinks you are wonderfully like the knight in the picture; and so you are," he said. "I can see the likeness myself. Now, if it be agreeable to you, Captain Osburn, we will go through the gallery. Iris, you will go with us."

Captain Osburn looked up at the mention of her name. Their eyes met, and both smiled.

"Your name is a pretty one, Lady Iris," he said.

"Do you think so?"—and she blushed. "It is a strange name, and by no means common."

"I think," he said gently, "that all beautiful women should be named after flowers. It is a pretty fashion, and I like it"

"Yet there are but few such names," replied Lady Iris. "The name of 'Iris' is by no means common, although the flower is to be found everywhere; and then we have 'Lily,' 'Rose,' 'Violet,' 'May,' 'Narcisse,' 'Daphne,' and lately I have met with the name 'Azalea,' and very beautiful it is. Why not use the names of other flowers?"

"It would be a relief from the never-ending Bessies and Janes," he said, smiling; "but I should imagine that most ladies would think such names were too sentimental or too fanciful."

"Do you know, Captain Osburn," she continued, "what the flower iris means?"

"No," replied Captain Osburn; "I am quite unversed in the language of flowers."

"The iris means 'I have a message for you.' Papa often teases me about it, and asks me what message I bring."

"I can imagine that your motto is your message," he said—"'Held with honor.' It suits you best." And she answered him with a bright glance that fascinated him.

Then the Earl began to discourse about the different pictures. Some of them were priceless in value, gems of the old masters; and Allan, who was a good judge of art, was delighted.

"This must be one of the finest private collections in England, Lord Caledon," he said.

"Yes; I think Chandos has almost the finest private collection," he replied. "It is the gathering of many generations. All the Faynes have loved art, and each Lord of Chandos has added considerably to its art treasures. I have been the most indolent. Most of my purchases have been works by modern artists. I think very highly of Millais, and I never miss an opportunity of adding one of his works to my collection."

They were in the middle of the long gallery now, and Lady Iris said suddenly—

"Captain Osburn, you will like to see my mother's portrait—it is one of the most beautiful pictures we have."

Then she paused abruptly, suddenly remembering all that her father had said on the subject. She glanced at her father's face; it was slightly troubled and shadowed; but she could not help thinking that he looked like a man who had something disagreeable to do; and would do it. He bowed to Captain Osburn.

"My daughter is right," he said; "there is no face in the gallery more beautiful than that of Lady Caledon."

When they stood before the picture, Allan looked at the face with wonder and admiration. Suddenly he turned to Lady Iris. He thought how like a young queen she appeared, with her long white dress trail on the floor and her fair face upraised to the picture.

"How strange," he said, "that you are not in the least like your mother, Lady Iris! She is a beautiful brunette and you are a perfect blonde."

"It is not so very strange," she answered. "I am a Fayne, and mamma was a Talbot—one of the Talbot of Broome, you know."

"I did not know," he said slowly. "Would you not have liked to resemble her?"

"What a droll question!" laughed Lady Iris. "Evidently you don't know the four lines which condemn all the Faynes to be blondes. Shall I repeat them?

"'All the Faynes are fair of face,
All the Faynes are full of grace,
All the Faynes are proud and cold—
They their name with honor hold.'

"It is a fact," she continued, "that every Fayne is fair—look at papa. Even the most martial men of our race, the bravest warriors, have never had a dark head of hair; both men and women are fair."

"I do not see that it matters," said Captain Osburn; while Lady Iris laughed.

"If papa were not here, and his fair hair was not so conspicuous, I should say that I like dark warriors best."

"The Saxons were mostly fair," observed the Earl, "yet where would you find a braver race?"

"Every one to his taste, papa. I prefer dark warriors, as I said. And so, Captain Osburn, in all my face you do not find one feature like my dear mother's?"

He looked from the dark pensive beauty of the Countess of Caledon to the fair radiant face of Lady Iris.

"No," he replied. "If I did not know otherwise, I should say you were not related."

She laughed again, but tears glistened in her eyes.

"I know it is true," she said, "and yet I never like to hear it. It seems in some way to cut me off from my mother. I wish I had her eyes, or her hair, or those sweet curved lips of hers. Do you admire my mother's portrait, Captain Osburn?"

"More than I like to say," he replied

And then the Earl, who had stood by in perfect silence, said

"You will like to see our famous portrait of Mary Queen of Scots—the gem, I think, of the whole collection."

They moved on; and this little conversation about her mother seemed to have brought them much nearer together that it appeared quite natural to Lady Iris, when they reached the treasured portrait, that they should stand before it side by side.

The Captain was pondering these words, "All the Faynes were proud and cold." Was it true? He could not say that she was proud or cold to him; and he thanked Heaven for it.

"You will remain and take luncheon with us, Captain Osburn?" said the Earl, when the inspection of the picture gallery was ended. "You must be tired. There is nothing, I think, more fatiguing than looking at pictures, no matter how beautiful they are."

But the handsome young soldier showed no sign of fatigue He accepted the invitation with great delight.

"We are going to Sewnham Priory this afternoon," continued Lord Caledon, "the finest ruin we have in the county. If you will join us, I shall be pleased to show you a very lovely spot."

Again the invitation was accepted with delight. Then Lord Caledon asked Allan to excuse his absence for a while, as he had some letters to write for the early post; so Lady Iris and Allan were left alone.

"I will introduce you to our visitors," said Lady Iris. "But I am forgetting; you met most of them last evening."

"I came to see you," he answered in the straightforward manner that never deserted him—"you and Lord Caledon. I am quite at your disposal, but if you could give me one half hour I should be very happy."

A smile rippled over her face.

"I admire that lordly manner of yours, Captain Osburn," she said; "one can see that you are born to command."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A down East genius has a plan for horse-racing by which the racers would remain directly in front of the grand stand during the entire race. This is to be accomplished by means of a movable track. Put the pedestrians on a the movable track, box them in and let them walk to their hearts' content.

The FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

A Sensible, Intelligent, Refined, Honorable Person, The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails to take away all the hard work of wash-day, and make Clothes clean, sweet and white without hard rubbing, *and without Scalding or Boiling a single piece.*

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HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

A Sensible Woman dont get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them*, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice

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HOW TO TELL A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

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HOW TO TELL AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN.

An Intelligent Woman will have no trouble in following the directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap, so simple and easy that a child can understand them and carry them out.

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HOW TO TELL AN HONORABLE WOMAN.

An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

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AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED! BUT NEXT WASH-DAY PUT ASIDE ALL LITTLE NOTIONS AND PREJUDICES AND GIVE ONE HONEST TRIAL

TO THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

The Frank Siddalls Soap, and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, is endorsed not only by such Leading Secular Papers of the country as *The Philadelphia Record* and *Times*, *The Norristown Herald*, *The Burlington Hawkeye*, &c., but by such Religious Papers as *The Christian at Work* and *The Christian Advocate*, both of New York City, and both of them recognized as authorities among the Religious Press of the country, *and this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any Humbug about it!*

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

For the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, **718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.** In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents, 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes; but if wanted for Toilet or Skin Diseases, 30 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to try The Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of using it, SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;
Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the wash-board, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, not as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *but put back in the tub in the water out of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is not the limit*—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After standing a few fair time, commence *by rubbing a piece softly on the wash-board, when all the dirt will drop out.* Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more Soap and *dont wash through two suds*, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

Last: Next comes the rinsing. Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap *until the dirty suds are out.* [A very smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

Last: Next comes the blue water. [Use scarcely any blueing.] *Stir a piece of Soap in the blue water until the water is decidedly soapy;* put the clothes through this soapy blue-water and *out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night:* it makes them harder to wash, and is not a clean way. *Dont try on part of the wash;* try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. *Dont use Soda or Borax.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

The Frank Siddalls Soap Proves to be a Wonderful Cure for Skin Diseases,

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDING THE USE OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES.

By washing freely with The Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any Ointment or any other Soap, or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn Ulcers, Ringworm, and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children. It will soon be used in every Almshouse, Hospital and Dispensary in the country.

If you have an *Ingrowing Toe Nail, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum*, or any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, no matter how many years' standing, try Frank Siddalls Soap. If *Ingrowing Toe Nail*, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh.

It is a splendid DENTIFRICE, cleaning the mouth as well as the teeth, and purifies the breath.

Remember, it does not soil the garments or bedclothing like ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A Pamphlet Showing Mode of Use is now ready, and will be furnished on application.

Just think what you will save by this Easy Way of Washing! No Wash-boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Suds through the House! It has the remarkable property of **Washing Freely in Hard Water,** and *does not* require the aid of Borax, Soda, Lye, Washing Crystal, Ammonia, or any Washing Preparation whatever. In places where water is very scarce, or has to be carried a long distance, it is an important fact that The Frank Siddalls Soap *only requires about one fourth of the water* that is needed where other Soap is used—four or five pails of water being sufficient with this Soap, where other Soap would require a barrel.

It is better for Shaving than any Shaving Soap; better for Toilet and Bath than any Toilet Soap; better and cheaper (for it can be made to go further) for all common uses. Dont get the old wash-boiler mended, *for a tea kettle will heat enough water for a large wash* when the clothes are washed by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT, AND SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. TRY IT NEXT WASH-DAY.

Address all letters to Office of FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

FAIRY TURNSPIT

BY PIPKIN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a cruel woman who had a step daughter, and as this child's own father was dead she had no one to look after her, or to love her.

The cruel stepmother finally drove her in a passion away from her home. Poor Gretchen was wandering disconsolately along a road, when a little old woman, queerly dressed, whom she had several times befriended, caught up with her. When she heard the child's story, she said:

'Gretchen I am Fairy Turnspit You have been kind to me, and I never forget a good turn. Now you want a home, and I will give you one for a time, and if I am contented with your service, it shall be yours as long as you will stay."

Gretchen thankfully accepted the offer, as she did not know where to go that night, and they walked on together till they came to a little house on the outskirts of a town. Here they stopped, and the fairy led the way through the garden to the back door. A light was burning in the kitchen, and by it Gretchen could see a tall, untidy-looking girl fast asleep in an armchair. She had a cross, discontented face, and tumbled red hair and her clothes were torn and dirty

'Anna!" screamed the old woman, "how often have I told you not to fall asleep with the door open! I declare I'll send you down to the water nixies if you do not mend your ways"

Anna started up and made most humble excuses, she had been working so hard all day, and had a headache, and she begged the old fairy most piteously not to punish her this time.

"Well, well," said Fairy Turnspit, "this time I will pass it over The hungry man is ready to forgive, so buckle-to, my girl, and let us have some supper. You will have no excuse after to-day, for I have brought Gretchen here to help you."

Anna scowled at the poor girl, but bustled about, and soon a good supper was waiting on the table.

The next day the old woman woke both the girls very early in the morning, and told them she would be out all day, and that they must divide the housework between them.

"Three things only I require on my return," she said. "A clean room, a bright fire, and a good soup."

Anna promised at once and Gretchen said she would do her best.

After she had gone, Anna said the first thing to do was to breakfast, and she took a long time over the meal, making Gretchen toast slice after slice of bread and only giving her the crust to eat. When she had at last done, she said:

"I am tired with all this work and shall rest on my bed a little. Do you clean the room, as you were bid."

Gretchen cheerfully set to work, but she was horrified at its dirty state. All the corners were full of dust and refuse which had been swept there out of sight, and spiders had lived and died nudisturbed on the webs which hung among the rafters. However, she had a brave heart and a stout arm, and by midday the kitchen was clean and tidy.

Anna came down yawning.

"How slowly you are," she said peevishly. "I've been waiting all this time for you to come upstairs and help me make the beds; now you can do it by yourself—but you can have your dinner first."

At dinner Gretchen fared no better than at breakfast, for she only had the rind of Anna's cheese, but she said nothing, and ate what she was given with a good appetite

When all was done and Gretchen had made the beds, Anna told her there were no sticks in the woodshed, and that she must go to the forest and bind a faggot, and when she had gone, Anna dropped into the armchair and soon fell fast asleep.

It was nearly dark when Gretchen came home, for the wood was a long way off

"What a time you have been!" cried Anna, angrily snatching the faggot from her. "Come now, beat yourself and make a good soup or you'll be finely scolded when Mother Turnspit comes home

"I have never made soup" said Gretchen

"Useless creature!" snapped Anna, "I suppose this will fall to my share too;" and she lazily began preparing the materials

Gretchen, without saying a word, cleaned the grate and made a brisk fire, and then went upstairs to make herself neat before the fairy's return.

When she came down she found Anna in great distress, weeping, and rocking herself backwards and forwards

"What is the matter, Anna?" she ventured to ask.

"I've made the soup in a dirty pot, and I shall be sent down to the water nixies," sobbed Anna.

Gretchen was very sorry for the poor girl, so she ran into the garden and pulled up a few onions, washed them, cut them up, and put them in the pot.

"There, Anna," she said, "don't cry. The onions will hide the bad taste, and tomorrow I will clean all the pans for you."

Anna dried her eyes and laughed to herself, for she knew Fairy Turnspit could not bear onions, and that she could throw all the blame on Gretchen.

All was as she expected; the old fairy flew into a great rage when she smelt the onions, and on finding this was Gretchen's fault, she sent her to bed supperless.

When she was gone, Fairy Turnspit noticed the neatness of the room, and Anna took the credit to herself and was praised to her heart's content.

But the old fairy was not as blind as she pretended to be. She only acted thus to try the two girls, and she was really very angry with lazy, deceitful Anna

The next day she rose as before, telling the girls they must wash the linen, weed the strawberry beds, and have a pitcher of fresh spring water for her when she came in.

However instead of going out, she slipped into the body of a pitcher that stood by the door, and, unknown to Anna and Gretchen, she watched their doings

All happened as before.

Gretchen washed and weeded as hard as she could, and was rewarded by scraps from Anna's hearty meals, but towards the end of the day she had not done all that the fairy had required, and Anna, scolding her soundly, said she supposed she would have to fetch the water herself

Picking up the pitcher, she sauntered to the well and listlessly dipped it in the water. It filled very suddenly, she lost her balance, fell in, and sank with a scream. After a few minutes the pitcher came to the top again, and, turning over with a pop which sounded like a chuckle of pleasure, it drifted to the edge of the well.

Then the old fairy suddenly jumped out, and without seeming to be troubled by Anna's accident, picked up the pitcher and trudged home.

Then she called Gretchen, kissed her, and told her she was a good girl, and should stay with her for ever if she liked

"But where is Anna?" asked Gretchen, after a while.

"With the water-nixies, where she will learn to be more active, my dear," said the old fairy.

And so Gretchen lived with Fairy Turnspit a long time, and the fairy was very good to her, and Gretchen was very happy.

FAMILY NAMES.—Passing to the materials out of which our surnames have been made, we must set in the first place the names of towns, villages and estates. Under the feudal system, landed possessions naturally gave names to their owners, while at markets and other public meeting places persons bearing the same baptismal names were often distinguished by the names of the parishes or hamlets in which they lived, or, again, migrants from country to town or from city to city associated by new neighbors with the places they had traveled from, came to be called by the names of those places.

With cognomens drawn from the names of places are to be ranked those created by the situations or circumstances of dwellings The jutting cliff, the airy heath, the sheltering oak, ash or elm, the "brook that babbled by" the wayside crucifix the rustic grange, or ford, or stile; all these and many other kindred objects lent their names—varied in a hundred ways as their special characteristics differed—to the inhabitants of houses placed near or amidst them; and like others, those names became hereditary. The Atwells, the Brookers, the Bygroves, the Combes, the Cliffs, the Hills the Greens, the Moores, the Nashes, the Redcliffes, the Redmans, and many others among us today owe their family denominations to the source we refer to.

Trades occupations and offices have, as everyone knows, given family names to large numbers. The familiar Smith is the most prominent example of the trade names; and Taylor a kindred cognoman, stands fourth in point of frequency. The Thatcher who sheltered our fathers from the storm, the Fresher who fed them, the Crowder who fiddled for their entertainment, the Snowler who covered them in their last earthly resting place—each has bequeathed the name that his calling gave him to descendants who are amidst us to-day for any directory will discover Tuckerays Fletchers Crowthers and Showlers. Some surnames of the occupation class as Cockson, Hudson, Stewardson, and Wrigutson, indicate that their first bearers were distinguished not by their own trades or callings, but by those of their fathers.

Baptismal or personal names constitute a third great fund from which the necessities of family nomenclature have been supplied They have become surnames not only in their complete forms, but in the many familiar shapes which usage may have assumed to them—as the monosyllabic appellations once current in the workshop or on the farm, and as the affectionate diminutives that found favor in the domestic circle.

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy: One is a strong will—the other a strong won't.

THE DUEL AT PARIS

BY J. F. CAMPBELL

IN the course of a trip through Normandy, I had occasion to spend a night on top of the diligence, where two or three unfortunate mortals beside myself sat cooped up in a small space with our knees knocking against our chins.

As morning dawned and sent a little light into our den I thought I discerned the features of an old friend opposite to me, and I held out my hand in a kind of rapture, exclaiming:

'Williams, my good fellow, how d ye do!—to think of meeting you here and sitting for the whole night beside you without knowing it!"

How was I shocked when he whom I thought my friend cast upon me a bewildered gaze, in which there was not one spark of recognition, and, instead of speaking only shrunk up into still less bulk than before

"Why, why," said I, 'what is the meaning of this? Are you ill, Williams?"

"Ah," groaned out the apparently wretched man, "my name is not Williams. You have mistaken me for somebody else, sir."

'Come, come," replies I, "that is a good joke. Couldn't I know Jack Williams, think you, among a thousand? My friend, my college chum. It is you who are mistaken in thinking yourself any other body. Pray, now, whom do you suppose yourself to be?'

To this there was no answer, and I began to suspect that my friend's reason was affected.

Resolved to try the soothing system, I laid my hand affectionately on his knee, and began to address him in a gentle tone, but he only shrank the closer and closer into himself, and seemed the more resolved to maintain silence.

When we alighted at Rouen, I found that Williams, as I still thought him, was to proceed no farther for the day.

He was in reality very ill, and required medical aid.

Having designed to spend a day at Rouen, I deemed it my duty, as his friend, to make up to him once more, and place myself at his service.

It was in the saloon of our hotel that I addressed him for this purpose.

I had scarcely uttered the words when I perceived that he really was not Williams though certainly in general outline, as well as particular features, no twins could be more like each other.

I then apologized, and said, that, though deceived as to his identity, I should nevertheless be glad to render him all the service in my power during our stay in the same place

We became friends, and after his recovery we were drinking some wine one afternoon

During the progress of the second bottle, my companion adverted to the rudeness with which he had treated me that morning in the diligence

"The truth is," said he, "you addressed me in such a manner as precluded a civil answer."

"Indeed," I exclaimed; "I was not aware of anything either in my words or manner of speech that could give offence."

"You, nevertheless," continued he, "accosted me in almost the only manner in which you were likely to give me uneasiness, you mistook me for some other person"

'Really," I rejoined, "this is very strange. To mistake one person for another is not at all uncommon and where it is not done through design, I cannot see how offence should arise."

"If you will listen," said he, "to a few particulars of my past life, you will learn how I have come to regard such a mistake as a grievance You must understand that I have had the misfortune to be born with a general face. I am so unlucky as to resemble a great many other people, and to be often mistaken for them. At school, where I was the most inoffensive of all possible boys, I was oftener than once waylaid, and beaten to death, by 'big brothers' whom my companions had engaged to avenge the wrongs they had suffered from some overbearing

"As I grew older, my peculiar inconvenience of visage produced, perhaps, fewer physical distresses; but there was no diminution of mental annoyance. There was no end to the absurd mistakes of which I became the subject.

"To be mistaken by one gentleman for another after this manner was perhaps no great hardship, if it had not occurred so frequently But what will you say to being stopped by plain looking men, with queries as to the health of Mrs Higginbotham, and the last quotations of tallow or to being arrested, as I once was, for the debts of other people One day, when engaged in an antiquarian tour of the city, I was assailed by a cabman as one who had bilked him about a month before of his fare The fellow dismounted and coming up to me with a threatening expression of face, swore that I should not escape him now, until I had paid him

It was in vain that I repelled the charge with indignation, and protested that he mistook his man. The crowd, who quickly gathered around us, too evidently sided with the claimant, and I was forced to pay the wretch his demand, to escape the consequence of a plebeian sense of offended justice. Not long after this incident, my application for lodgings in a west end hotel was respectfully rejected, from a resemblance I bore to a distinguished sharper, who for some time had been exercising his ingenuity in imposing upon the keepers of such houses

"At a ball given by a distinguished lady of my acquaintance, my eyes were fascinated, about the middle of the festivity, by the entrance of a young lady, the most angelically beautiful I had ever beheld. She was under the conduct of a maiden aunt, in whom I recognised, a gentlewoman to whom I had been introduced some years before. The two assumed their seats together near the head of the room, and I did not allow a long time to elapse before advancing to pay my respects to Miss Roderlie. On perceiving me, she rose with agility, and met me with an expression of kindness for which, I must confess, I was not prepared; but as I wished to be on as good terms as possible with the friend of so beautiful a creature, I did not think it necessary to ask any explanation. Before entirely recovering from my surprise, I found myself, I cannot tell how, seated very comfortably between the two ladies, the youngest of whom appeared to be only prevented by the trained stiffness of young lady manners, from treating me as graciously as her aunt. We talked for some time of miscellaneous matters; but while my tongue was thus employed, my soul was drinking in sweet and intoxicating draughts of love from the eyes which beamed beside me In due time, I requested the honor of Miss Caroline's hand to a quadrille, and, after a momentary pause, during which the ladies exchanged glances, I was accepted. We danced the whole evening, during which my passion made such rapid advances, that, at the conclusion, when I had handed the adorable creature into her carriage, my soul seemed to mount behind the vehicle as postillion and roll off with it into the darkness leaving me without speech or consciousness—almost without the sense of that identity which had been the source of so many troubles

"Here, my good friend I would break off my narrative—for the sequel is but a tale of misery. Suffice it to say, that, in a forenoon conversation the next day, the elder Roy and I came to a mutual understanding, from which it appeared that we had been alike mistaken—she supposing me to be a young gentleman whose friends had made overtures on his account for her niece, while I was equally wrong in supposing her to be the gentlewoman introduced to me No sooner was this explanation made, than I perceived from the manner of the aunt, that I was no longer a welcome visitor, and accordingly found it necessary to make my bow. The agony with which I performed this ceremony, while to all the impressiveness of my manner the aunt returned only a cold bow, and the young lady a very unflattering smile, I leave you to imagine. It cannot be described.

"Since then, I have sought to distinguish myself as no man ever sought before. I have flown from town to town, in the hope of finding some one, tolerable on other accounts, and in which I should be allowed to be myself. But all in vain. At length, driven in my native country into a state of alarming nervousness, I have resolved to try my face abroad, in the hope that, being there a foreigner, I should run no chance of being taken for any other body. You see me now in the third day of my experiment, and may conceive sufficient reasons for my feeling so much annoyed this morning by the manner of your first address"

Here my friend concluded his singular tale, which suggested to me, that, if a new pleasure be impossible in this world, there may at least be a new misery.

WITHOUT A SUMMER.—In the year 1816 there was a sharp frost in every month. It was known as the "year without a summer." The farmers used to refer to it as 'eighteen hundred and starve to death." In May ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and corn killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts, and ten inches in Maine July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the fifth ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed In certain sections In August ice formed half an inch thick. A cold northern wind prevailed nearly all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, and scarcely any in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay $4 or $5 a bushel for corn of 1815 for seeds for the next spring's planting.

The mule has great nealing qualities.

SECOND BEST.

Idly I read the old familiar score,
Wistful I touch the sweet responsive keys;
I feel the breath of days that are no more,
I hear the night-wind's whisper in the trees.
This yellowing sheet in every bar and line
Reminds of happiness that once was mine.

Each note recalls a roseate vanished hour
So full of pleasure that its ghost is pain;
Each weird repeat is perfumed like a flower
That pressed within an album's page hath lain.
Were I to sing a melting baritone,
A voice suberb would surely join my own.

Ah! let me try. The strain is meant for two—
I never practised it alone before—
The witching melody that was not new
When courtly couples trod the polished floor
In grandma's youth; the soft arpeggio
Evoked from her the bloom of long ago.

Alas! the quick tears blur the words to-day—
I had not thought myself so very weak.
What grieving for a friend who did not say
"I love you," though I saw on brow and cheek
Shy token of a secret unconfessed,
A tenderness I often fear he guessed!

'Tis passing strange what little things may start
A sleeping world to vivid waking life
Within the soul; what trifles send a dart
To pierce a wound concealed; what sudden strife
Of yearning, anger and intense self-scorn
May of a drifting random thought be born.

I'll fling the fetters of this mood aside
Last eve I answered yes to one who sought
In manly fashion for his chosen bride;
And though my heart to love must yet be taught,
I'll keep his troth when I shall wear his ring;
But this old song for him I'll never sing

TRAITS OF DOGS.

A DOG who acted as leader to a blind beggar in New Orleans remembered not only the route taken by his master through the different streets of the city, but also every house where contributions were given at regular intervals, on two or three days of the week. It was noticed by a lady, one of the beggar's patrons, that the dog brought his master to her house regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, stopping on no other day of the week; while on Tuesdays and Fridays, but on no other days, he was seen to stop at the next house.

A gentleman, living near a country town in Indiana, was lately called to town to see a sick relative. His dog, a large Newfoundland, accompanied him. On returning home, the master, anxious to receive daily accounts of his sick friend, wrote a note of inquiry, tied it about Boxer's neck, and told him what to do, pointing along the road in the direction of the house. Boxer, after a few moments of study, started off on his errand, and faithfully performed it. For a period of three weeks he made two daily calls at the house of sickness, and bore to the master the letters there given him

A more singular instance of sagacity is told of a large mastiff in an English market-town. Rover had the misfortune to run a thorn into his foot. The matter was neglected by his master's family until the foot was largely swollen and extremely painful. The master returning from a journey just at this time took Rover to a surgeon, who extracted the thorn and bound up the foot, directing he be brought back the next morning for a further examination of the injured limb. This was done. But thereafter the dog went regularly every morning to the surgeon's office scratching at the door until he was admitted, and then presented his foot for examination. Finally he was cured, and the surgeon, lifting up his foot, said, "Rover, your foot is well; you need come no more." This Rover however did not understand, but continued to come evidently regarding the surgeon's words in the light of valuable professional advice. One morning, however, he declined to leave the office alone, taking hold of the surgeon's coat to induce him to come also. Following him to the door, the surgeon found there another lame dog, which the servant, on admitting Rover, had shut out not considering him a proper patient. The good-natured servant took the dog in, and performed what was necessary for a cure; the two dogs appearing every morning until the stranger was cured. But this was not the end of the matter. Rover brought to the surgeon's office every lame dog he found on the street, and as all were well treated, and none proved ungrateful, he shortly found himself, when on the street, the centre of an admiring and grateful concourse of dogs, who followed him wherever he went, and by barks and the wagging of their tails endeavored to show their gratitude to their benefactor.

An affecting circumstance was recently related in the French papers. A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over, with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat; his master as often pushed him back; till, overbalancing himself in the struggle, he himself fell overboard. Not being a swimmer he would have drowned, but that, as soon as his faithful dog saw him in the water, he left the side of the boat, and held his master up until assistance reached them from the shore.

The fierceness of the bull-dog was well illustrated by a horribly cruel experiment tried, for a wager, some years ago, in the north of England. A young man, confident in the ferocity of his dog, laid a wager that, at several times, he would cut off the animal's feet and that after every amputation it would attack a bull, that was brought for the purpose. True to its natural ferocity, the dog, inattentive to the injury it had received, continued with equal eagerness to assault the bull, even after its four feet were cut off.

The terrier is known to be among the most sagacious of his tribe. There is a well-authenticated story of a small terrier which used, some years ago, before the days of Western railroads, to accompany its master, a country merchant, on his semi-annual trips to Cincinnati, from which his village was distant nearly sixty miles. The hotel where the merchant put up was guarded by a large and savage dog. Having occasion, on one of these visits to pass over into Kentucky on a journey of some weeks, the merchant left his terrier in care of the landlord of the hotel. On his return he inquired for his dog, and was told that it had disappeared. The day after his departure the large house-dog had fallen upon the little terrier, and so injured it that it could scarcely walk. After two days of careful nursing under the landlord's direction the dog had strayed away no one knew whither. Eight days thereafter it returned to the hotel, accompanied by a very large dog, when the two forthwith fell upon the terrier's former enemy and gave him so unmerciful a drubbing that he was long unable to move. Thereupon the two again disappeared, and had not been seen since. On returning home, the terrier was almost the first to greet the merchant. On inquiry, he was told that the little animal had returned home, looking ill and bruised, and ill at ease, and that the following day he had again disappeared. At the same time a neighbor missed a very large Newfoundland, which he prized much. In a few days the two dogs had suddenly returned, and no one had thought further of their absence. It was evident that the merchant's terrier had procured the neighbor's Newfoundland to aid him in getting his revenge.

A dog had lost a master to whom he had been much attached. His master's portrait was hung in the parlor of one of his sons, into whose possession Watch also came; and the dog's favorite resting place was on the parlor carpet, just below this portrait, which he evidently recognized, and looked up to with a touching affection. One day, many months after his master's decease, repairs being made, the portrait was taken down and placed upon the floor; and presently Watch was found standing close to it, fondly licking the face of the picture; and no inducements would persuade him to relinquish his place, or permit the portrait to be touched by the workmen who had taken it down. He quitted his post only when ordered by the master of the house.

Grains of Gold.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

No station in life is incompatible with sanctity.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren

We should do good to an enemy and make him our friend.

The Lord often crosses our paths for the benefit of our souls.

True piety is by no means incompatible with the social virtues.

If the Lord lead you in a rough way it is to keep you humble before him.

Keep thyself simple good, pure, kind and affectionate. Make thyself all simplicity.

A man's virtues should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life

Large as this world is, it is nothing, after all, but a mere rostrum on which the immortal mind speaks its piece.

Our alarms are much more numerous than our dangers, and we suffer much more in apprehension than in reality.

The secret of happiness is found by him who has subordinated the selfish elements to the moral and intellectual.

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow; or, if it does not, you will be able to do without it.

No wonder that the man behind the times speaks ill of them. Let him come around to the front door like a gentleman.

Merely to speak our minds—that is to empty them of all our prejudices and false impressions—is not to further the truth

The best way to apologize is to do such a kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever even attempted to injure him.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we will have to look at when we sit down in the shadows.

What sunshine is to flowers smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable.

If the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

Some men are more beholden to their bitterest enemies than to friends who appear to swoon near itself. The former sometimes tell the truth, but the latter never.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them. These are the pictures and statues of departed friends, which we ought to cultivate.

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

If self be denied for the good of others, we receive immediately more than we can bestow; we have as many fountains of happiness as there are hearts and lives to whose hearts we minister.

Refrain to-night, and that shall lend a hand of easiness to the next abstinence, the next more easy for use almost can change the stamp of nature and either curb the devil or throw him out with wondrous potency.

Before you ask a man for a favor, consult the weather. The same person that is angry as sin while a cold rain is spitting against the window-glass, will no sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine, than his heart will expand like a rose bud.

Recall at night not only your business transactions, but what you have said of those of whom you have spoken during the day, and weigh in the balance of conscience what you have uttered. If you have done full justice in all your remarks, it is well. If you have not, then seek the earliest opportunity to make amends, and carefully avoid a repetition of the wrong.

A Miserable Little Woman.

A lady writes: "Looking back to the time when I commenced using your Compound Oxygen, I can scarcely believe myself to be the miserable little woman I was. I had not had one day's good health in almost seven years, and was going down every day. Can now work with delight; am still gaining in flesh. My case seems somewhat tedious, but none the less sure." Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Gold fruit is worn on a black dress.

Pink crape has been revived for bonnets.

A new blue tint is named after "Minerva's eye."

"Bread timber" is the Indiana name for dough.

Silk is manufactured at a California normal school.

Necklets of beads are becoming very fashionable.

Very little jewelry is worn with white costumes.

A little in girl Canada was scared into idiocy by a recent storm.

An account of a recent stylish wedding says "there was no best man."

Mrs Tom Thumb has a perfectly formed figure and wears square necks.

A Cincinnati paper thinks women would not act with togetherness in politics.

The old bishop sleeve shirred at the wrist and upon the shoulder has been revived.

A brisk Chicago dealer advertises "bound less contiguity of shades"—and parasols.

Shirring and tiny ruffles, row upon row, are seen upon all parts of summer costumes.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his armor round her.

If a string on the finger strengthens the memory, a pair of thread gloves must be better.

The young lady who sent us the poem, "Why flops my heart so wildly, when Michael heaves in sight?" should be referred to a puzzle department.

One of our correspondents says: "Her hair was of a roseate tint, as if blushing at the persistent stare of the sun!" He means to say that she's red headed.

A Pittsburgh lady returned home from a round of calls to find her house shut up and a crape on the door. Her little daughter was holding her doll's funeral.

The most charming decoration for a plate is a good piece of beef-steak with well-cooked potatoes and just a sufficiency of gravy. It'll lay over trailing vines or a sunflower any day.

White lace stockings are worn over those of tinted silk with rich evening toilettes; the silk stockings must invariably match the color of the dress worn, as must also the satin sandals.

A magazine writer asks: "Have Women Intuition?" That depends. If intuitions are fashionable this year, and cost from $10 to $50, it is safe to wager that a great many women have them.

Whenever you see a woman talking straight at a man and beginning to nod her head and keep time to it with her upraised index finger, it is about time for somebody to climb a tree

Bewitching little "tea aprons" are made of tinted satin painted in wreaths of morning-glories, wood moss, ferns, and sweet pea blossoms, and edged with gathered ruffles of Mirecourt lace.

According to the statistical tables, the women in all countries commit infinitely fewer crimes than the men. In France, women form a fifth part of the condemned; in America only a tenth.

A young Jerseyman is just now getting the benefit of a good deal of newspaper praise. He was engaged to a girl who became blind later on, but he married her all the same. Why shouldn't he?

A Boston girl thanked a man who gave her his seat in a street car and he married her and proved to be worth $400 000. (We circulate this yarn in the hope of influencing the girls to be a little more courteous.

A woman in Chicago recently bought a parcel of butter, paying a valuation of thirty-five cents per pound. Tested, it proved to be made up of one-third of pumpkin, a trace of butter, with the rest lard.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage they hurl pies at a rows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.

Girls are honest creatures. One at the West End on being charged with the reckless extravagance of having seventy-five dresses, and with having nine fellows in love with her at once, was too honest to deny it.

Extravagant women are always penurious. Show us a woman who pays a hundred dollars for a shawl, and we will show you a woman who will run all over town to get her husband's shirts made "a quarter cheaper."

Little Eddie was having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the operation. "Why, Eddie, you shouldn't make such a fuss. I don't when my hair is combed." "Yes, but your hair ain't attached to your head like mine."

Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talking about stilettos, bodkins, gorings, cuttings, whippings, stings, cuffings, and battings.

In a column of "Discoveries made by accident," in an exchange, we saw no mention of the woman who, while sewing a button on her husband's coat, found in the inside pocket a perfumed note beginning "Dearest Edward," and signed, "Ever your own, Julia."

A young lady in an Oshkosh temperance meeting said: "Brethren and sisters, cider is a necessity to me and I must have it. If it is decided that we are not to drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some young man to squash me, for I can't live without the juice of the apple."

A prominent actress is shocked beyond all because men and women are compelled to sleep in the same sleeping-car. It is dreadful. We have often worried over the same thing, and been afraid to go to sleep lest some woman should chloroform us and kiss us in our dreams.

At a depot in New York recently, people were stupefied at seeing a young lady attempt the difficult feat of entering the car through the window. She had never before seen a railroad train, having lived in the inland country, and said she thought that was the regular method of ingress.

News Notes.

The Marie Antoinette is the newest round hat.

The newest watered silk is "Croton" color.

Tan-colored kid gloves are worn with white costumes

The Roman Coliseum had a seating capacity of 102 000

There are some species of the herring at times poisonous

There are 40 000 telegraph stations in Europe and America.

The first cotton mill in California is in process of erection.

In England there are 37 644 persons licensed to sell beer.

The Royal Palace in Amsterdam is supported on 13 659 piles.

Oysters are a luxury in Germany indulged in only by the wealthy.

Mull puffs are worn round the neck instead of frills or collars.

Incendiarism has been a hanging offense in South Carolina since 1878

The Byron collar, made of embroidery, is used on white mull dresses

More persons die for want of nourishment than for the lack of medicine.

A Maine jury gave a verdict for $150 63½. The fought two hours over the half cent.

Russian soldiers are taught a trade, and allowed to earn money by it when off duty.

At Deadwood belle it is no longer considered stylish to smoke a clay pipe while dancing.

A man in England, it appears, once lay in prison more than 40 years for contempt of court.

According to the population of the several countries, the Americans write by far the most letters.

Potash placed where rats run over it will be the means of making them leave for parts unknown.

Although the Aborigines of America had 450 languages, a thread of connection runs through them all.

A Maine man has invented a machine which will cut thousands and thousands of laths in a minute.

Intimate friends of Vanderbilt say that he is in chronic terror of losing his money and becoming a poor man.

The only form of oath among the Shoshone Indians is, "The earth hears me; the sun hears me; shall I lie?"

The report of the Marylebone Club, the most prominent cricket club in England, shows a membership of 2 579

The first dissection of the human body for promotion of the cause of science took place at Alexandria, Egypt, 85 B. C.

A Cincinnati lawyer has astonished even his own professional brethren by charging a fee of $30 000 for collecting $83 000.

A pedestrian died in Maine a few days ago of consumption, brought on, it is claimed, by over-exertion in walking matches.

Caste is duly recognized among criminals. Forgers, bank robbers and murderers (not of the vulgar type) form the "upper crust."

The Gatling mitrailleuse has discharged as many as 687 rounds in two minutes. The Martini Henry rifle has fired 38 rounds in a minute.

At a "pound" party in Washington last winter for the benefit of the poor, the English Minister contributed five pounds of silver dollars.

A California couple were in such a hurry to be married that they engaged the immediate services of a clergyman who they found on a ferry-boat.

In a town in Hungary there resides a Jewish couple, man and wife, whose united ages amount to 217 years, the husband being 108, and his wife 111.

A man bought a ticket on a Canada railroad, and immediately tore it up. He had taken a ride several years previous, and this was his method of clearing his conscience.

A Princeton professor answering a youthful Western inquirer, says that "two tom cats fighting in the streets of Pekin will disturb the world more than all imaginable planetary conjunctions."

Mantua is now famous for having more grass in its streets than any other town in Italy. In some of the thoroughfares the pavement is entirely concealed by grass, yet they never root it up

One of the wealthiest settlers in Australia is Jem Mace, the noted champion of the prize ring, who landed in Melbourne two years ago with $50. He has made a fortune by speculating in mining stocks.

There is a queer sort of temperance movement down in Texas. In many towns and villages all the drunkards are said to have given up whisky, and to be soothing their nerves by doses of chloral.

An elderly Chinaman in San Francisco recently saw a live turtle lying uncomfortably on his back in front of a restaurant, and having purchased it for $15 had it taken to a wharf and thrown overboard.

One tragic phase of the recent execution in Russia lay in the fact that the judge who pronounced the death sentence upon Sophia Pierofsky was a companion of her childhood, and once a suitor for her hand.

A St Louis dealer in old clothes replenished his stock by delivering bogus telegrams to a number of wives that their husbands had been burned by nitric acid, which destroyed their clothing, and that fresh suits must be sent by the bearer.

A Rochester shoe-cutter, who had his hand caught in some machinery, placed a cobweb over the wound to staunch the flow of blood. The web contained a small spider, which stung the man so severely that his whole arm has swollen to twice its natural size.

TAKE RATIONAL CARE OF YOUR COLD at once, by using Dr Jayne's Expectorant, and you will save much worry, and render less likely the development of a dangerous Throat or Lung Disease.

Facetiæ.

"No more at present," as the extinguisher said to the candle.

I call for the eyes—spectacles. I call for the nose—handkerchief.

Where was he when he spider? and where will she beetle he sees her?

In France they say, "Will you please catch me a piece of cheese?"

"That puts a different face on it," said the swindler when he raised a check from $20 to $80.

A boy doesn't always get much comfort out of his first segar, but he gets a heap of experience.

A man digging clams hardly knows whether he is fishing, or engaged in agricultural pursuits.

Subject for a debating club: If a man had a grizzly bear by the tail, would it be policy to hold fast or let go?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Don't Get The Chills

If you are subject to Ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks. The remedy to use is Kidney-Wort. It is the best preventative of all malarial diseases that you can take. See advertisement in another column.

Those who are suffering from any of the numerous ailments arising from impoverished blood, should try the Electro-Magnetic Battery advertised on another page. The value of electricity as a curative agent is becoming daily more recognized both by the medical fraternity and the public at large. These batteries give in the smallest possible room, and at the cheapest rate, the best remedial results that have yet been accomplished by this power. It is a fact universally acknowledged by the profession, that in pure blood lies the secret of good health and long life. If this be maintained when good, and purified when vitiated, the desired object is secured.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 680 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

The Traveler who wisely Provides

Against the contingency of illness by taking with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has occasion to congratulate himself on his foresight, when he sees others who have neglected to do so suffering from some one of the maladies for which it is a remedy and preventive. Among these are fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism, diseases often attendant upon a change of climate or unwonted diet.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD Macaulay's History of England. 5 Vols. large type, cloth; only $2.00. Taine's History of Eng. Literature, 1 Vol. 1100 pp. handsomely bound, for only 50 cts. Worcester's Unabridged. Price $6. Send for descriptive catalogue Free.
MANHATTAN BOOK CO., 16 W. 14th St., N.Y. P.O. Box 4586.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

Lady Agents Wanted.—We want intelligent energetic Lady Agents to sell to WOMEN ONLY, an article of real high-grade merit. For particulars and liberal terms address WAGNER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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25 Large Gold, Bevel and Turned-corner Cards, 10c. Acme Card Co., Bolsville, N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
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PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE!

Almost every disease prevented and permantly cured by

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PRICE, - - ONE DOLLAR EACH.

ELECTRICITY!

Hundreds of little nerves and muscles respond to the action of the wonderful ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BATTERY, the moment it is applied. It instantly allays pain, strengthens the weak and painful parts, and draws all poison from the blood.

This Battery is positively the safest, quickest and best remedy for the cure of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, ACHES AND PAINS, GENERAL DEBILITY, HEAD TROUBLES, SKIN DISEASES, NERVOUS DEBILITY, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY DISEASE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, NERVOUSNESS, TREMBLING INDIGESTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST, CATARRH, DEAFNESS, SPERMATORRHŒA, EPILEPSY, PARALYSIS, IMPOTENCY, SEXUAL EXHAUSTION, SPINAL DISEASES, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, GENERAL ILL-HEALTH, WASTING DECAY, ETC.

GLAD TIDINGS!

The Electric Manufacturing Co., being sole owners and proprietors of Downing's Marvellous Improved Electro-Magnetic Battery, which is the result of a life of study, research, and experiment, now offer it to the afflicted of America. This valuable curative agent has been introduced throughout the world, and has received the most flattering testimonials of wonderful cures, and its use has produced such marvellous results as to merit the high encomiums which it has voluntarily received from scientific gentlemen the world over.

Downing's Improved Battery is constructed on purely scientific principles of various soluble amalgamated metals, well known to all scientists, and to those who are tired of drugging and poisoning the system with nauseous doses and quack nostrums, OFFERS A SPEEDY AND SURE RELIEF. The battery generates and transmits to the system a gentle electric current, which is absorbed by the blood and carried to every part of the human body, building up the shattered constitution, strengthening the muscles, and putting new and increased vigor into the frame.

It is well known to the initiated, that a powerful electric current can be produced without friction, as clearly demonstrated by Professor Edison's invention of the telephone, and Galvani, the discoverer of galvanism. The union of metals alone produces a gentle electric action, which is intensified by this greatest discovery, which, when applied to the human body, produces results truly wonderful. In telegraphy we produce the electric current by plunging metals in sulphuric acid, which, by corrosion, decomposes the parts exposed to it, thus facilitating their union with other metals destined to form the amalgam. When, however, it is desired to apply it to the body, no such intensity is required, as the natural humidity of the skin is sufficient to set the chemicals in the amalgamated metals in motion, and generate a constant, but gentle flow of electricity to pass from the Electro-Magnetic Battery into the system.

Various kinds of complicated machines have been manufactured for many years which produce electric action, and the inventors, each taking a step in the onward march of improvement, have, in some instances, secured parents thereon; but during the past few years the greatest wonders in electricity have been discovered among which may be mentioned Prof. Edison's telephone and microphone, and last, but most marvellous, the HEALTH-GIVING, HEALTH-RESTORING ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BATTERY.

The experiments of many years were necessary before the discovery was made which produced a battery by which the electric current could be distributed throughout the whole system in a gentle and convenient manner, without the necessity of wearing an unsightly and expensive apparatus, to which nothing but the existence of severe pain would reconcile the wearer. Downing's Improved Battery answers the desired purpose.

Immediately upon completion of this marvellous battery, a number of eminent physicians were called together, and its wonderful curative powers clearly and plainly demonstrated to them. It was explained that the electricity was ejected from the battery in a circular current, similar to the action of a ball after being shot from a rifle, and entered the system in that shape, twisting and turning until it had spent its force. It is claimed that electricity formed by an ordinary battery acts the same as lightning when it strikes a tree or rod, and all passes off on the outer surface, but does not penetrate to the interior. On the contrary, the current formed by the Electro-Magnetic Battery is injected into the system, as is proven by the test given further on.

A learned physician recently remarked "that he had no doubt that electricity would eventually revolutionize the entire medical treatment of the future; that he had been long aware that a gentle and constant flow of electricity passing into the blood would PREVENT and CURE nearly all diseases, and also keep the organs of strong, healthy persons in their natural, vigorous tone; and, moreover, in his opinion, Downing's Electro-Magnetic Battery filled a want in the medical profession, as it was the quickest and most convenient blood purifier, and was within the reach of even the poorest of suffering humanity." He advised that no time, labor or expense be spared in placing this invention properly before the people, as they would appreciate the valuable character of the battery, and stated that nearly all ailments are brought on by an impoverished, poisonous and vitiated state of the blood—diseases which could only be cured by the purification of that fluid. "AS LIGHTING PURIFIES THE AIR," he continued, "SO MUST ELECTRICITY PURIFY THE HUMAN SYSTEM." And as a battery, costing only one dollar, produces the desired remedy, why delay procuring it, when it is within the reach of the humblest sufferer!

Physicians, one and all, will tell you that the blood, expelled from the heart, completes its circuit of the body and returns to the fountain-head in the space of about three minutes, and this theory has been confirmed by subsequent investigations. Thus, then, there is a constant flow of the blood, passing any given part of the body; and if, by taking advantage of this fact, WE CAN INFUSE INTO IT, ON ITS PASSAGE, THE NECESSARY ELECTRICITY, the object is accomplished without the aid of medicine or other remedies.

Downing's Improved Electro-Magnetic Battery performs this function, purifying the impure blood on its passage, giving it a healthy, vigorous tone, and removing all the vitiated element therefrom.

The day will come when TO BE SICK IS DISGRACE, AND TO DIE BEFORE A RIPE OLD AGE IS MURDER. Even now the professor of medical science knows that nine-tenths of our deaths, and a greater proportion of the cases of sickness, can be traced back to ignorance or neglect of the simplest laws of our being. Innocent childhood suffers most, and from the hands of parents. Manhood and womanhood, in the very commencement of their career, or right at the meridian, are swept away. No battle-field can count such hosts of slain. OUR CEMETERIES ARE CROWDED WITH SILENT SLEEPERS WHO SHOULD BE ACTIVE PARTICIPANTS IN THE BUSY LIFE OF TO-DAY. On their monuments should be inscribed, "DIED BY THEIR OWN HAND." From all sides are heard the mourners' wails. On all sides we see faces on which are written, in characters as plain as the alphabet, "DOOMED BY IGNORANCE AND NEGLECT, TO DIE!" Do they make no effort to escape? Yes; but, alas! mistaken efforts. Quackery, like a confidence man in the guise of a friend, comes to their aid, but only to rob, disappoint, and desert them. Thousands of so-called remedies, filling the newspapers with flaming advertisements and testimonials of wonderful cures, are swallowed by the ton, bring wealth to the coffers of the manufacturers, but no benefits, or few at best, to the afflicted. Ignorant of the laws governing their system, they float along the tide of life helpless as children, until, disheartened and betrayed, they give up the contest and fall. Medical science does all it can; but between the rivalries of different theories and the prejudices of the schools, too many, alas! even of that noble profession, get into a rut from which they never arise. And while they fritter away golden opportunities in petty quarrels, the helpless, ignorant of the means of protecting themselves, are dying all around them. Another cause of the physician's failure in his reluctance to adopt new discoveries, or avail himself of the experience of others. He is usually conservative, who reluctantly follows far in the rear, but rarely leads. And still another reason may be found in the stupid rule that no member of the profession can patent or secure to himself the benefit of his discoveries without losing caste. This is the PRIME CAUSE why the science of medicine has been outstripped by every other department in the discovery and utilizing of nature's laws. The old botanical doctor's couplet is a fair illustration of too many who otherwise might be useful:

"I pukes and sweats them,
And if they die, I lets them."

Then is there no hope? Must those we love—husbands, wives, parents, children, friends—continue to sicken and die through ignorance or carelessness worse than criminal. No! THERE ARE A FEW WHO HAVE THE ABILITY TO STUDY NATURE'S LAWS, THE COURAGE TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES, AND THE MANHOOD TO ACT UPON THEIR CONVICTIONS.

The more we learn of electricity and its laws, the more we prize it as one of the greatest, though least known, of nature's forces. The ignorant see it only in the lightning's flash, amid the grandeur of the storm, and thus associate it with danger, and regard it with awe and apprehension. But the student of nature knows that it is in the water, in the air, in the flower, in all organized life—and without it life could not exist; that our bodies, in health, possess it to a high degree. Electricity can only be transmitted by a conductor, and when two bodies are brought into connection by means of a conductor, the electrical fluid will pass from the body having the greatest supply to the other, until the quantity in each are equal. Next to water and all moist substances, the human body becomes the best conductor. Acting upon these well-known laws, Downing's Electro-Magnetic Battery has been arranged so as to transmit the electrical fluid into the body when it is deficient, and draw it from the body when there is a surplus, thus equalizing and bringing it to its normal condition. In many diseases of an inflammatory nature, the body becomes overcharged with the electrical fluid, and relief can only be obtained by removing the surplus.

MAGNETISM IS A FAR MORE SUBTLE FORCE OF NATURE THAN ELECTRICITY. Its influence will penetrate beyond the power of lightning's flash. For example: Glass is a non-conductor, and the electrical current cannot pass through it. If, however, you place a small piece of iron upon a table, upon the top of it lay a piece of glass, and on the glass lay a magnet, you can raise the magnet with the glass and iron adhering to it, thus proving that the magnetic current has penetrated the glass and laid hold upon the iron. It is the most subtle of all nature's forces, and its great healing properties are well known.

Whoever is subject to any of the following symptoms should wear the battery:—Restless Nights, Nightmare, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Confidence, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Loss of Memory, Fullness of Blood, Fits of Melancholy, Debility, Lack the Power of Will and Action, Disordered Condition of the Liver, Blood, Kidneys or Urinary Organs. These troubles arise mostly from relaxation and debility, for the relief of which electricity is eminently adapted. By its application the affected organs are reached, vitalized and strengthened, the troubles arrested, and wherever there is a basis for reaction, the functions can be restored to their normal health.

WHY NEGLECT YOUR HEALTH AND DESTROY YOUR HAPPINESS, and recklessly throw aside all that makes life a pleasure? How many drag out year after year of a miserable existence, simply for the want of knowledge in procuring a remedy with efficacy and virtue, which would be adapted to their ailments? We say to those, that PROCRASTINATION IS DANGEROUS. It will not do, if you wish to live, to trifle with the human system. Then why delay, when an article is at hand that has science and common sense in its use? AND IS NO POSSIBLE WAY CAN IT DO YOU AN INJURY, if you are not restored to health by its use.

If you were so indiscreet in youth as to allow your passions to lead you to self-abuse, and it has left you with no vital power, and carried away from you your manhood, causing you to have an aversion to society, and unfitting you for business, leaving your brain to run on thoughts that can be of no possible or practical use—from the above disobedience to the laws of nature, the eyes are left dim, the mind wandering, the memory lost; with difficulty you stand erect; every step taken draws on you for an effort, which makes your daily employment a burden instead of a pleasure; there is a dimness of sight, spasmodic pains in the head, a discontented feeling without knowing the cause, and the system is left in a nervous and generally debilitated condition. For the restoration of such shattered constitutions there is no remedy that will relieve all the ailments caused from self-abuse with such magic as Downing's Improved Electro-Magnetic Battery.

The battery will cure the following diseases, which are nearly all caused from the effects of impure blood:

Rheumatism, Gout, Swollen Joints, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Lumbago, Aches and Pains, Pain in the Bones, Sciatica, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers and Sores, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Chills, Vertigo, Nervous and General Debility, Loss of Manhood, Impotency, Seminal Weakness, Female Complaints, Barrenness, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Bright's Disease, Kidney Disease, Diabetes, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Jaundice, Pleurisy, Constipation, Hysteria or Fits, Heartburn, Weak Stomach, Flatulence, Quinsy, Pustula Affections, Piles, Hypochondriasis, Deafness, Disease of the Heart, Dropsy, Gravel, Spinal Diseases, Paralysis, Weak Back, Wasting, Decay, etc.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING THE BATTERY.

Each battery has attached to it a silk cord, which should be tied around the neck, so as to allow the battery to hang upon the chest, next to the skin. It should be worn day and night, and for at least a month after the patient is cured. In Extreme cases of Chronic Rheumatism, with old age combined, or entire loss of manhood, two batteries may be worn, one on the chest, and one on the back between the shoulder-blades, but in no other case will it be necessary to electrify the blood to such an extent. When it is necessary to wear two, it can be done without the slightest inconvenience, as the batteries are only about the size of a silver dollar. A battery will last a lifetime without losing much of its power. The same battery should not be worn by two different persons.

A test of the power of Downing's Electro-Magnetic Battery can be made by placing a galvanometer or a mariner's compass in the palm of the hand. Then put the battery to the back of the hand and twist it around, when the needle of the compass will be seen to immediately respond to the motion of the battery, showing conclusively that the battery is what we claim it to be, and does generate the life-giving current, and passes it through flesh, bone and muscle. Every battery made by us will produce this result; a counterfeit battery will not. Apply this test to every battery offered for sale, and do not buy the bogus batteries offered for sale by various parties. WE WILL PAY ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR ANY BATTERY OF OUR MANUFACTURE WHICH WE WILL NOT STAND THIS TEST. See that you get our battery, and buy no other. Each battery of our manufacture has the words, "Downing's Improved Battery" stamped on one side, and the "Electric Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A." on the other.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to say that packages containing Electro-Magnetic Batteries may be sent by mail with perfect safety, and no marks of any kind will indicate what the contents are. All business can be transacted by correspondence, and we will hold contents of all letters sacredly confidential.

The batteries can be had at nearly all druggists in large cities, and will be supplied by our agents in small places, OR WE WILL SEND THEM PREPAID, BY MAIL, ON RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders and make all Checks, Drafts, etc., payable to

ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.,

1020 Arch St, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

The "ELECTRIC JOURNAL" free to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

MANY of the soft woolen materials now made are well adapted for children's dresses, but, with a few exceptions, the more remarkable and unbecoming colors in which they are found are avoided.

Small checquers make up very prettily; the dress is cut the straight way of the material, but all the trimmings are cut on the bias, this arrangement giving a fine effect variety without other material; when plain material is used it is generally velvet or surah for the collar, cuffs, pockets, etc.

Loose plastrons or waistcoats, ganged at intervals, and with the cross laced across over them with double laces, are pretty, but the gangings are not always confined to the plastron, as many children's dresses are now made with close gatherings at the shoulders and waist back and front.

These gangings are perhaps prettiest on light thin materials, which are more suited for the fulness than thick woolen fabrics; three rows of gathers sometimes cover the whole space from the throat to the shoulder, forming a species of deep-pointed collar or yoke. The fulness is again gathered in at the waist, which is encircled by a band of satin ribbon with long fringed ends at the side.

The sleeves correspond with the bodice, and are full, with three or four small puffings at the shoulder, and the same at the wrist with a frill falling over the hand.

These dresses are girlish and pretty, and the skirts are very simply draped with gangings.

A pretty dress made of mousseline delaine has the skirt draped on the foundation with two or three rows of gathers down the front, a puff at the back, and a pleated flounce bordering the skirt. The bodice is plain and round-waisted, with a shaped flounce gathered at the shoulders and waist; the wide ribbon sash is tied at the side in a number of long loops.

The new shaded silk and woolen materials are so softly shaded all over with colored threads on a light neutral-tinted ground, that the effect of them is quite distinct from that of the ordinary shaded satins and silks.

One charming little dress of the palest grey material flecked with peacock blue, is ornamented with pipings and cord and tassel girdle in peacock blue, and lace; the gathered Mother Hubbard is a pretty and sufficient addition for wearing the dress out of doors.

Another pretty model is of brown surah, gathered at the neck and wrists; the two flounces ornamenting the skirt have deep gauged headings, and the edge is lined with pale blue satin and turned up in little shells; a brown and blue coquille on each side of the front, trimmed with lace, outlines a long pointed plastron reaching nearly to the heading of the flounces.

A stylish dress is of snuff brown material, with flounces at the edge, and a plain plastron of shaded satin, the colors graduating from the darkest brown to the palest amber; the cuffs are of similar satin, and the little cape, ganged all over, is also of the same material.

Another dress of shaded checquered woolen fabric has a gathered plastron of pale blue satin and pipings of the same on the flounces and pointed draperies of the skirt; at the back these draperies end under a bow caught up with a large pearl buckle, the ends falling on a short gathered panel of blue satin.

A dress of pretty soft grey material is gathered front and back, the alternate flat and pleated flounces on the skirt are piped with red surah, the collar and cuffs are piped to match, and a sash of red surah is folded round the hips and tied on one side with the ends gathered and finished off with silver tars.

A very practical and ladylike model is of fine ash-grey beige; the whole of the bodice is pleated or tucked, the tucks being underneath, and nearly an inch wide; below the waist they hang loose, and form a pleated flounce with a border of silk the same color, about an inch and a half wide. Three more similar pleated flounces cover the skirt, and round the hips is a silk sash, high on the right side, and fastened with a large pearl buckle lower on the left side. A silk pocket is added on the right side, far back, and rather high up.

For girls of thirteen or fourteen two pretty models are—the first of royal blue cashmere gathered front and back into a yoke, and the flounces and draperies of the tunic bordered with graduated stripes in dark red silk; the second is of sapphire blue material, the front and back gathered into a yoke, the front of the skirt covered with pleated flounces, large revers at the sides, and pointed drapery at the back.

In mantles for children the Mother Hubbard and Dame Trot reign supreme; the Mother Hubbard cloaks for children of three or four have satin linings in the ruches at the neck and sleeves, and satin ribbons to tie them at the throat; they are made of plain and checquered light fancy cloths.

The Dame Trot, though less quaint in appearance, is really a more serviceable model for little "trots," for it consists of a long paletot with coat sleeves, a gathered skirt at the back, and a gathered cape tied with colored satin ribbon, and leaving the arms perfectly free.

A mantle for girls of nine or ten is pleated from the neck at the back, and has pointed visite sleeves over the plain coat sleeves underneath; it is finished off with linings and bows of colored satin.

A long paletot of light cloth has box pleatings of satin between the seams at the back; the front is crossed and buttoned, first from right to left, and then below the waist this order is reversed, and the paletot is buttoned the other way.

The Mother Hubbard appears to be one of those styles which are adapted to everybody, from grandmamas to infants, and some of the prettiest new summer patterns for short-coated babies are Mother Hubbards of pale blue sateen with linings of the palest pink sateen; the little hoods are made to match.

For little girls of two or three there are similar cloaks of oatmeal cloth with the little gathered sleeves and gathered cape collars of dark blue sateen, the ruches at the neck and and wrists lined with dark red sateen.

For little girls' costumes there is a variety of pretty materials and fashions to choose from; plain and striped cashmere, Indian cashmere combined with plaid and checquers, foulard, sateen and surah merveilleux, being amongst a few of them; a great quantity of white and ecru lace is used for trimming, together with surah scarfs, bows of satin ribbon, and faille and surah pleatings.

Grey is fashionable in every shade, but it is invariably enlivened with some bright color, red, pink or blue, all looking well with it. The mode for girls' dresses is with a deep plastron, gathered in ten or twelve rows, according to the size of the child, cut square at the neck, and finished off with a chemisette of cream-colored surah, ornamented with Valenciennes insertion. Even if the rest of the costume is made in some woolen material, still the plastron, pockets and cuffs must always be of silk.

A pretty plaid costume for a girl of twelve or thirteen is combined with plain material, made with the skirt composed alternately of pleatings of the plain fabric, divided by bias bands of plaid, headed by a draped scarf of the plain material, fastened at the back in a large loop bow. A plain, tight-fitting jacket, crossed in front, is ornamented with added plaid basques, a very wide plaid cape collar and cuffs to match. The straw hat is ornamented with a drapery and bows of plaid satin.

The babe dress is always pretty, whether in mousseline delaine, cashmere, zephyr, or cambric; it is made partly fitting in front, and pleated at the back.

Little boys of four to five years of age are wearing cloth costumes in rather an original style, made with round plain skirts stitched at the edge in tailor fashion; and the overcoat almost as long as the skirt, with the two corners turned back and embroidered with the initials of the owner. A wide braided band and braided revers on the chest complete this neat costume.

Sateens, plain and flowered, or figured, take the lead this season as the material par excellence for young girls summer toilettes.

An exceedingly pretty dress for a girl of thirteen or fourteen is of flowered sateen, the little sprays of flowers scattered over a rose-pink ground. The skirt is bordered with a narrow pleating, then come two very deep flounces, gathered, and ornamented at the edge with lace and three tucks; a sash, with tucked and lace-trimmed ends, is folded round the edge of the deep bodice, and tied in a plain knot at the back. The bodice is open in a very long point over a pleated plastron with lace at each side, and the sleeves, which are made very short, are also trimmed with lace.

Simple washing dresses for morning wear are made of cambric in narrow blue and white, or red and white stripes, and trimmed with bands of cambric about three inches wide in a good flowered or Indian pattern. The skirt has a deep flounce in groups of narrow pleats divided by wide pleats with a band down the centre. The tunic is a very deep scarf bordered with a band, draped round the dress, and arranged in a simple puff at the back. The bodice, a deep jacket with round basques, has a gauged plastron with a band on each side carried round the edge of the basques and round the neck. The sleeves are rather full, and gauged at the wrist for some inches up the arm.

Some of the washing dresses have the new universal gangings at the neck, waist, shoulders, and wrists, those at the shoulder making the sleeves rise in a little peak, more peculiar than becoming to most figures.

A pretty walking costume of leather-colored camel's-hair has a deep-pointed flounce; a scarf tunic draped in four upward folds in front, and arranged in a double pleated end at the back. The bodice is a deep double-breasted jacket, the centre quite straight, and ornamented with two rows of buttons, the back a postillion basque in double box-pleats, the sides cut in a curve and the space filled in with a deep-pleated basque. The jacket opens at the neck over a silk waistcoat, and has a deep collar and large revers folded back over the ends of the collar. Handsome metal buttons are the only ornaments. The hat is a Spanish one of white straw, the turned-up brim being covered with dark-brown velvet; velvet folded round the crown and a brown feather on the left side.

Tempting Diet

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS

ON this subject there are many points worth remembering. As soon as the patient has eaten as much as he can, take the food quite out of the room, and when it is time for food again, bring it in afresh, in a fresh basin, with a clean spoon, having made a change in some way.

Nothing is more likely to disgust an invalid than to have the food which he had left brought to him again and again, as if he were a naughty child, and must finish one portion before any more was given him.

We should anticipate and consider the fancies of sick people. We want them to take nourishment, and grow strong, and we know that a great deal is accomplished when food is enjoyed; therefore, anything we can do to this end is well worth the trouble.

Chicken broth used to be very highly thought of a few years ago, but it is not worth very much when all is said and done. It is strongest when the whole fowl is cut up, covered with cold water, boiled up, then drawn back and allowed to simmer gently for three hours, and strained for use. A little boiled rice, boiled barley, or chopped parsley can be added with the seasoning. This, however, is a painful way of making broth, because it is giving so much to produce so little. It is better to take the flesh from the bones, stew the latter for broth, then cook the meat separately, turning it either into pinada or mince. Panada is very nourishing and good, but the meat must be well pounded after it is cooked or it will not be made the most of. The meat is cut up and stewed gently with a little good broth, not being allowed to reach the boiling point. It is then pounded to a pulp, pressed patiently through a sieve, seasoned with pepper and salt, and mixed with a spoonful or two of cream, and served.

For variety's sake veal may be substituted for the chicken, and cooked the same way. In either case a spoonful of barley may be soaked and boiled, pounded, and pressed through the sieve with the meat. It will be a great improvement, but will be difficult to get through the sieve.

Chicken mince is made by mincing the meat when raw, heating it gently in milk or good broth for a few minutes without allowing it to boil, then serving it immediately.

Cooling, refreshing, and soothing drinks are so much wanted by invalids that it will be appropriate to mention a few.

Gruel.—The world-renowned gruel may be made either with oatmeal or patent "grits;" the latter are the best. Mix a tablespoonful of grits or oatmeal to a paste with a little cold water; add a pint of boiling water, boil the whole, gently stirring well for ten minutes. Sweeten with sugar or molasses, or season with salt and pepper, and serve. The gruel will be much better made with milk instead of water.

Barley Water.—Wash two ounces of pearl barley, boil it for five minutes in clear water, then throw the water away. Pour on two quarts of boiling water, and boil gently till the liquid is reduced to half, for about two hours. Flavor with sugar or lemon-juice, strain (or not, as preferred) and serve. If liked, a little lemon rind can be boiled with the barley. Stir the barley water before using it.

Apple Barley Water.—Cut a good large apple, wiped, but not peeled, into slices, and boil this with a little lemon juice till soft. Rub it through a sieve, and add it to a quart of barley water.

Toast Water.—Take a thin slice of bread, and toast it thoroughly on both sides. Put it into a jug, pour a pint of boiling water over it, and let it stand till cold. It should be strained before using.

Lemonade.—Roll two lemons on the table to make them soft. Cut the rind off very thinly, and be careful to reject the white pith, as that would make the lemonade bitter. Cut the lemons into slices, and put these, free from pips into a jug with half the lemon rind and a pint and a half of boiling water. Cover till cold, strain and serve. A pleasant drink may be made by substituting oranges for the lemons.

A raw fresh egg beaten up with two tablespoonfuls of warm milk and a little sugar, is a very nourishing and agreeable drink for invalids. Sometimes wine is used instead of the milk; in that case a little water may be added, or a little soda-water may be taken instead.

When a doctor is attending a case, it is always well to consult him before offering any food to an invalid. It is a good plan, however, to think over beforehand two or three dishes which can be obtained and prepared without difficulty, then to suggest these to the medical man. Every good doctor knows that "kitchen physic" will frequently do more good than drugs, and he will rejoice when he sees that this part of the medical treatment is not neglected.

A SUMMER CLOUD.—A charming summer cloud may be crocheted of Shetland floss wool worked in shell pattern. A chain of 301 stitches is first made. This allows for sixty shells. Each shell is formed of six treibles, the wool being so fine that five treibles fail to make the shell full enough. Begin the second row with a double chain exactly in the middle of the first shell of the first row, and fasten the last shell of the second row in the middle of the last shell of the first row, finishing with 3 chain. Begin the third row with 3 chain precisely in the same hole in which the second row started, and work in this spot a shell of six treibles, finishing with a double chain on the middle of the first shell of the second row. At the end of this row, after making a double-chain on the top of the last shell of second row, work another shell in the opening at the base of the 3 chain and finish with a double chain on the top of this 3 chain. The second and third rows are repeated throughout. Use a No. 3 hook. Twelve ounces of floss will make a cloud about three yards long and two feet wide. Work entirely around the edge a plain row of scallops containing nine treibles. A square, or three-cornered basinator will take much less material. For the latter, begin with one shell and increase on one side, until it is the width you desire; then decrease in the same way.

Shelves.—Narrow shelves are occasionally now fastened to the wall at the back of a washstand, covered with a little arrangement of colored twill and muslin put on to draw-strings, and finished off with lace and ribbon. The shelves are only wide enough to allow of bottles or small articles being placed on them. On the lower one (if there are only two) all that are wished to be kept out of sight are put and the curtain is drawn over them; but on the upper small ornaments can be placed. Usually the lace edging finishing off the top is nailed to this shelf. The draw-string at the bottom is attached to the sides of the lower shelf. The muslin and twill curtains end at the edge, but another piece is added beneath, hidden by a row of lace, which is drawn downwards and fastened to the wall behind the head of the wash-stand.

Silk Rag Curtains.—Cut the silk into strips about half an inch wide (a little more or less makes no difference), either straight or on the bias. Sew the pieces together strongly and roll into balls, keeping each color and shade by itself. Pieces of narrow ribbon, old cravats and sashes, old waists of dresses—in fact, every scrap of silk can be made use of whether soiled or fresh. After making a number of balls send them to a rag-carpet weaver, who will weave them for about twenty five cents a yard. It will take one and one half pounds of silk to make a yard of material three-quarters of a yard wide, which is the width of nearly all looms. If the balls of silk are given to the weaver with directions how to place the colors, and the width the stripes are desired, the stuff when finished will have a very handsome effect, and is very heavy. It is suitable for portieres, curtains, rugs, or table-cloths.

Everything has to pay up sometimes. Even the little chickens have to shell out.

Answers to Inquirers.

L. L. B. (Worton, N. C.)—He is as reliable as any business man in the country.

L. H. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Needles were first made in England in Cheapside in the time of Queen Mary, by a negro from Spain.

GARTH. (Newport, N. J.)—You seem to have some poetical talent, but the verses you send us are not quite up to the mark. Try again.

BLUE EYES. (Baltimore, Md.)—When at a party you must do what all the others agree to do; refusing to conform in such a case is mere rudeness.

SUBSCRIBER, (Fort, N. Y.)—Send an addressed postal and we will give you an address. 2. Your only chance is to advertise until you get what you want. Such positions are to be had.

T. M. (Bristol, N. J.)—Brigham Young died August 29, 1877. He was very rich. It is impossible to say how many wives he had. We believe he supported and visited some sixty-seven.

BLANCHE. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—By eschewing liquids as much as possible, even water, and taking plenty of exercise, you might reduce your weight and bulk, but we would advise you to let well enough alone.

V. Q. S. (Lewesburg, Iowa.)—We have not the directions convenient just now, but if we meet them will let you know. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, publish a cheap book which will give you all information as to this and other interesting questions.

O. K. H. (Albina.)—1. Read the Bible history on the subject, and the notes of commentators. We do not remember to have read the tradition and therefore cannot point out more clearly where you may obtain the information. 2. It is pronounced in two syllables, accent on the first.

W. C. A. (Cartersville, S. C.)—1. Any druggist will make you up a preparation of cantharides and sage, which will improve the growth of the hair or moustache. It will not start it, but if weak or languishing it will strengthen it. 2. There is nothing dangerous in making such a trip. On the contrary, the change of air and scene should be beneficial.

INQUISITOR. (New York, N. Y.)—A ward in the English Court of Chancery is an infant under the protection of that Court; and if during the wardship of a female she marry, the marriage is perfectly legal; but the Court will take care that a proper settlement of her property be made on herself and her issue. In many respects it is similar to our Orphan's Court.

LENDER. (Norristown, Pa.)—A check payable to order is understood to mean that the person to whom it is made payable will receive the sum written on its face on his presenting it at the bank where the drawer's funds are deposited. The bank which discounts any bill usually presents it at the office or place of business of the acceptor, unless it is otherwise specified in the body of the bill. The bill must be noted and protested.

AMICA. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is not in the least a matter of etiquette, but of individual taste; as a matter of fashion a tulle veil is perhaps more correct than a lace one, but both are worn. 2. This is a matter, not of etiquette, but of common sense. As the trousseau is not worn till after marriage, it would be very ridiculous to mark it with the bride's maiden name. 3. The house linen is provided by the bridegroom, and it should be marked with his name only. This would also be the case if it were given, as you suggest, by one of the bride's relatives.

GENEVIEVA. (Gorham, Me.)—Hand writing offers no infallible test of character. It bears indications perhaps, but that is all. To make an attempt at interpreting yours from your writing, we would suppose a most prominent trait to be neatness and accuracy. You are not of a shoog way of thinking, that is, you are neither bad tempered nor obstinate. You are fond of dress and objects of taste generally. You are also generous and loving. The only negative quality, indeed, is that you are rather disposed to follow than to lead—that you can be easily influenced.

S. E. (New Jersey.)—1. A book of poems, piece of music, photograph albums, writing case, not too valuable, work-box, or if intimacy permits it, a ring or other piece of jewelry, would be suitable. 2. We are afraid a man could not, unless under some extraordinary circumstances, support himself by copying the year round. In certain seasons he might do very well. Your writing is neat and everyway good enough for a copyist. 3. Unless he is more watered that the majority of men at that age, and well circumstanced besides, we think twenty too young for one to marry. Very little is risked by waiting a few years longer, and a great deal often gained.

ARNOLD, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—1. The last name of the French author Jules Verne, is pronounced "varn." 2. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." 3. He resides in Paris, and is a little over fifty years of age. 4. David Copperfield and Pickwick Papers. This is our opinion. It is a matter of taste altogether. 5. The United States is entered with various foreign countries into what is called an extradition treaty. Under this treaty all criminals escaping from one country to the other, are arrested and delivered up, if the country against whose laws the crime was committed demand it. There are some South American countries with which the United States have no such treaty. A criminal escaping to any of them is safe.

H. F. (Richmond, Va.)—After all, you must be guided by affection. There is certainly a great disparity of age between a man of fifty and a woman of twenty, but health and constitution may differ. The worst of these ill-assorted marriages is this, that you do not feel the difference in the hey day and first glow of affection and in the novelty of marriage, but afterwards, when day succeeds day without change when age creeps on, and antagonistic tastes peep out, then fifty and twenty will begin to feel on either side a galling chain which will every day be growing heavier. A man of fifty should not, we think, desire to marry so young a woman. He is asking too much. Nevertheless yours may be an exceptional case; were it a rule, it were indeed a sad one. Were you some ten or even seven years older, you might marry him with safety should you love him.

H. S. (Frankford, Pa.)—The Orange Free State does not belong to the British. It is a South African Republic of Dutch Boers and other British subjects, who were permitted to form a separate settlement for themselves, on condition of not molesting the natives. The territory assigned them lies between the two head streams of the Orange river, and forms a connecting link to Cape Colony, the Transvaal country, and Natal. It comprises an area of 42,470 square miles, with a population of about 80,000, one half of whom are white. 2. The salary of the British Ambassador at Paris is £10,000 per annum. 3. The Legion of Honor is a military order in France, embracing all distinctions in the army, and being incorporation civil officers and all such individuals as have eminently distinguished themselves by services to the State, military deeds, and for public virtue, instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul, May 13 1802. On the restoration of the Bourbon family, Louis XVIII confirmed the order, April, 1814, and it has since prevailed.

J. F. B. (Broughton, Ill.)—1. Charley Ross has never been found. 2. Lippincott & Co., of this city, will no doubt be able to furnish you with the books. 3. We have never heard of it. You might make inquiries of the same house about it. 4. There are so many good ones that we would not care to say which we think best. The above mentioned publishers will send you a catalogue if desired, and you can make your own choice. 5. A good ink is made by digesting three quarters of a pound of bruised nut galls in a gallon of cold water; add six ounces of sulphate of iron, an equal weight of gum arabic and a few drops of creosote. Let the mixture stand three or four weeks then decant the clear fluid. 6. The spirit employed in perfumery should be selected with great care; it should be perfectly free from grain oil and other impurities. It should be sixty over proof. For simple spirit of lavender, take lavender flowers (free from stalks), two pounds; rectified spirit, eight pints; water, sixteen pints; distil eight pints. For odoriferous lavender water, take rectified spirit, five gallons; essential oil of lavender, twenty ounces; oil of bergamot five ounces; essence of ambergris half an ounce. Sometimes four ounces of orris root are digested with the above. Or else take oil of lavender, oil of bergamot, of each three drachms; otto of roses and oil of cloves of each, six drops; musk, two grains; true oil of rosemary, one drachm; honey, one ounce; benzoic acid, two scruples; rectified spirit, a pint; distilled water, three ounces. Another mode is to take oil of lavender, three drachms; oil of bergamot, twenty drops; neroli, six drops; otto, six to twelve drops; essence of cedrat, eight to ten drops; essence of musk, twenty drops; rectified spirit, twenty-eight fluid ounces; distilled, or orange flower water, four ounces.